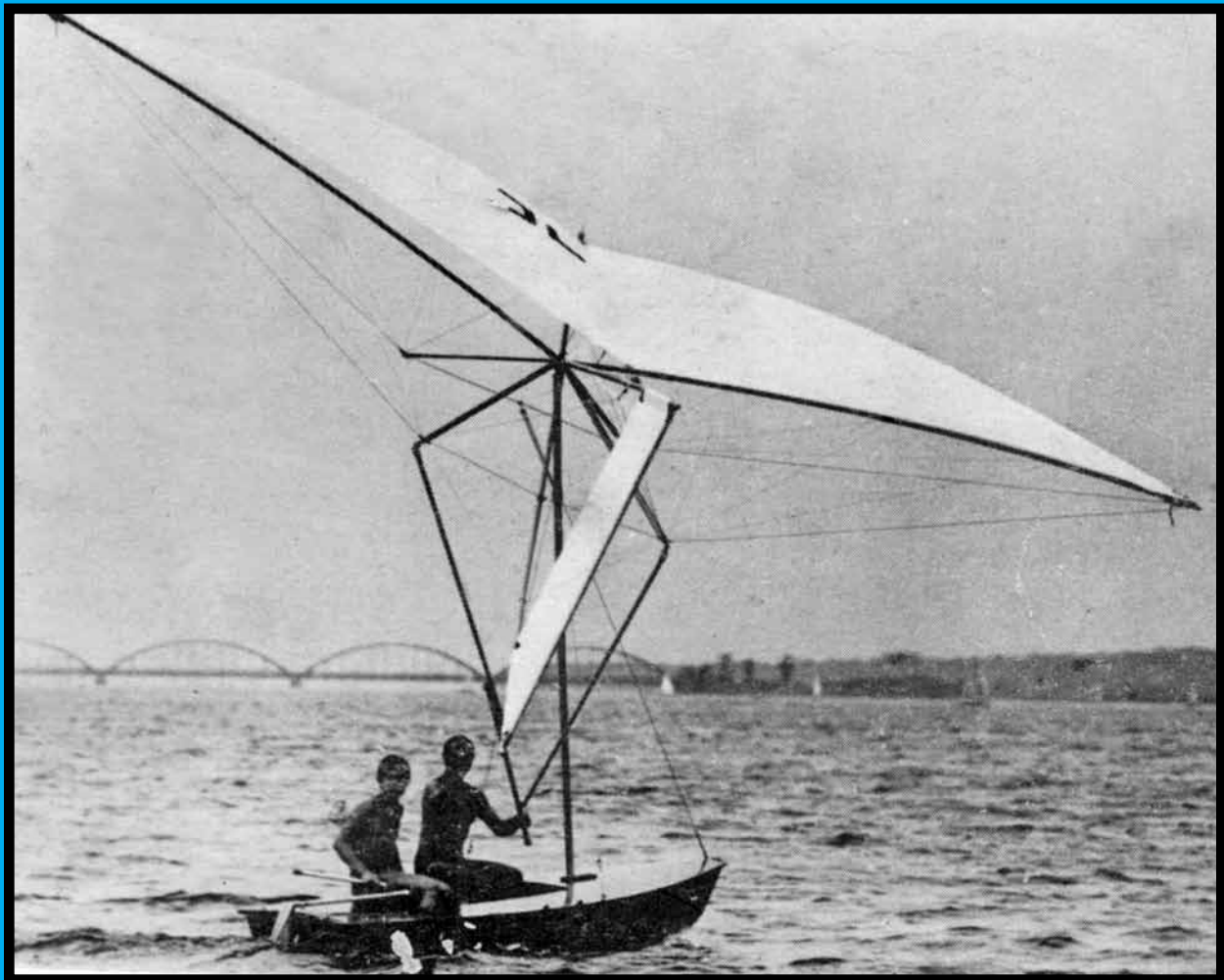


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 11

March 2018

Special Features This Issue
Mulsae Gets Salty – The Loss of Robinson Crusoe
The Challenge – Coast and Inland Yachting
A Free Seabird Yawl – Tales of *Bludgeon*
Building a West Mersea Duck Punt
Another Look at the AYRS



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 35 – Number 11
March 2018



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 My Old Town Rowboat Project
- 4 Small Craft Illustration #5
- 5 You write to us about...
- 6 *Mulsae* Gets Salty at the Florida 120
- 10 In Praise of Patience and Good Judgment
- 11 DCA: The Loss Of The *Robinson Crusoe* On The Infernal Ribble Banks
- 14 Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas
- 15 Down on Bunganuc Creek
- 16 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: The Challenge
- 19 An Encounter with a Klabautermann
- 20 Coast and Inland Yachting
- 27 Right Around That First Boat Time
- 28 Over the Horizon
- 30 A Free Seabird Yawl?
- 32 Tales of *Bludgeon*
- 33 *Dancing Chicken*
- 34 Building a West Mersea Duck Punt
Variation of a Sawfish Kayak
- 38 The View from AlmostCanada
- 43 Lifeboats... a Sequel
- 44 Another Look at the AYRS
- 48 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Egg Harbor 31
- 51 Ship's Log
- 52 From the Lee Rail
- 52 Boating Safety Courses
- 53 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, March 2018



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

On page 44 in this issue, a feature story I wrote about the Amateur Yacht Research Society starts off... "About 20 years ago I discussed this group of innovative small boaters in my June 15, 1996 "Commentary" after a visit to a meeting of the New England Chapter of the UK's Amateur Yacht Research Society in Newport, Rhode Island, which I attended in connection with my then infatuation with multihulls." This all came back to me when I recently came upon a small carton of the AYRS Journals (40 of them) from the 1950s-'60s in our barn attic (now housing 60 years worth of stuff too good to toss out but not otherwise of immediate interest or need)."

Opening up that small carton to see what lay within was opening a time capsule for me, maybe even a Pandora's Box, for my long dormant fascination with unorthodox small boat concepts awoke with a start and I was soon flipping through pages at random, rediscovering the many radical ideas about small boats that the British membership of the organization fielded in each issue. Hey, I am gonna have to sit down and take a closer look again. Sure... 40 journals tightly packed with texts and drawings and occasional photos, all information, no color, no "wallpaper" graphics bleeding across the pages blotting out hard to read text. These are the sort of publications best read as they arrive over time rather than being tackled en masse. Where to begin...

The collection runs from 1957 to the mid to late 1970s with a couple of pathfinders into the early '80s. It came to me from a reader in the late '80s when I was on a multihull kick featuring mostly trimarans, stimulated by making the acquaintance of multihull designer Dick Newick. Dick had graciously come down from nearby Kittery, Maine, to speak at our monthly local TSCA group in Salem, Massachusetts. He grabbed my attention by announcing that he viewed his world famous multihull designs as traditional small craft as they harked back over 1,000 years to the South Pacific native islanders oceangoing proas. He cemented my interest when he further added that he suggests to all monohull

sailors that they "get the lead out!" if they wanted to sail faster.

How so, that here I was having organized a traditional small craft club because I had fallen for the local Swampscott dory extolled by John Gardner in his *Dory Book*, making a quantum leap to interest in futuristic hi tech notions of small craft? I dunno, I just liked the idea of sailing at speed flat on the water in comfort. Well, it never did get so far that I actually built and/or sailed my own trimaran, but I did get out on one outing with Dick in one of his OSTAR tris which confirmed in reality my imagined vision of what it was like to sail a tri. And now, having just acquired a 100-year-old rowboat I am looking forward to restoring, why has this long dormant fascination with the "leading edge of small boating" returned?

Well, it most likely will be only an interest in reading again about the subject with plenty of it in hand to look forward to. I doubt that I will ever get to build my own tri, although I do have a set of Hobie Island Adventure sailing kayak amas that can easily be mounted on my 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami kayak if I really get motivated. Maybe in a couple of years a 100-year-old Old Town Lake Rowboat and a 14' plastic kayak/sailing trimaran will rest side by side in my boatshed?

Amongst the 40 books in the collection are four fat (80-120 pages each) ones concerned with hydrofoils. The ideas promulgated within are all now 50 or more years in the past but the "amateur designers" who wrote them were propagating design ideas that have only recently appeared in the America's Cup challenge now that multihulls have banished the monohulls. So multihulls came into their own offering greater speeds over the water, only to now find foils which lift the hulls out of the water altogether pulling ahead. And on page 44 you can read about a concept that I encountered 20 years back that has not yet been accepted, "surface effect wings" that lift the entire boat out of the water to skim across the surface a few feet up at 100mph or more!

On the Cover...

The cover photo is of Dr. Inz J. Wolf of Germany about to get away on another "flight" in his kite sail rigged boat as it appeared on the cover of *AYRS Airls* in April 1972. I chose this to get your attention to a feature in this issue about the Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS) and its doings. This subject came up sort of surprisingly, read my "Commentary" to the right and the article on pages 44-47 to learn a lot more.

My Old Town Rowboat Project

By Bob Hicks

Part 2: The Evaluation

With a predicted major snowstorm imminent (turned out to be only 12") in early January, I hastened to contact Steve Lapey at his Stevens Canoe Shop over in nearby Groveland for his expert evaluation of my find. Deep snow would have greatly restricted my getting it into the greenhouse for the winter. We made it a day ahead and by the time the snow came it was in place. Steve found it to be in quite good condition and well worth the restoration effort and money that would be involved. Steve uncovered the serial #102176 hidden beneath the flaking old varnish and consulted Benson Gray, the WCHA's expert on Old Town canoes. Benson came right back with the following:

"The Old Town with serial number 102176 is a 16' long, double ended boat model in CS (Common Sense or the middle grade) with red western cedar planking, open spruce gunwales, oak decks, a keel, outside stems, a floor rack, and sponsons. It was built between June and July 1929. The original exterior paint color was dark green. It was shipped on July 27, 1929 to Long Island City, New York. The records show that it was returned on August 15, 1929 with a rail split on the bow end. It appears to have ended up in Brattleboro, Vermont in the summer of 1932."

So now I knew I had a boat that was a year older than I, pretty much in condition matching my own, so it was to be a go ahead. Time now to set up the work area and get started on the obvious first step, stripping off all the old rotted canvas. All about this coming up next month in "Part 3: Getting Set Up."



Steve Lapey gave my find an expert once over and approved.



Family Owned
& Operated
since 1953

Glen-L Marine Designs 60+ Years Serving Boatbuilders Worldwide

- 300 Exceptional Boat Designs
- Row/Power/Sail 5-ft. to 55-ft.
- SUP & Surfboard Kits
- Epoxy & Boatbuilding Supplies
- Underwater & Deck Hardware

Full-sized patterns & detailed phase-by-phase instructions enable anyone to build their dream boat!

SPECIAL OFFER

- 288-page Book of Boat Designs
 - Free Dinghy Plans
 - Free Shipping
 - Free Supplies Brochure
 - \$9.95 Coupon off first order
- Send just \$9.95 to address below



"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"
—Bob

"I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design." —Kevin



"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate."
—Mark



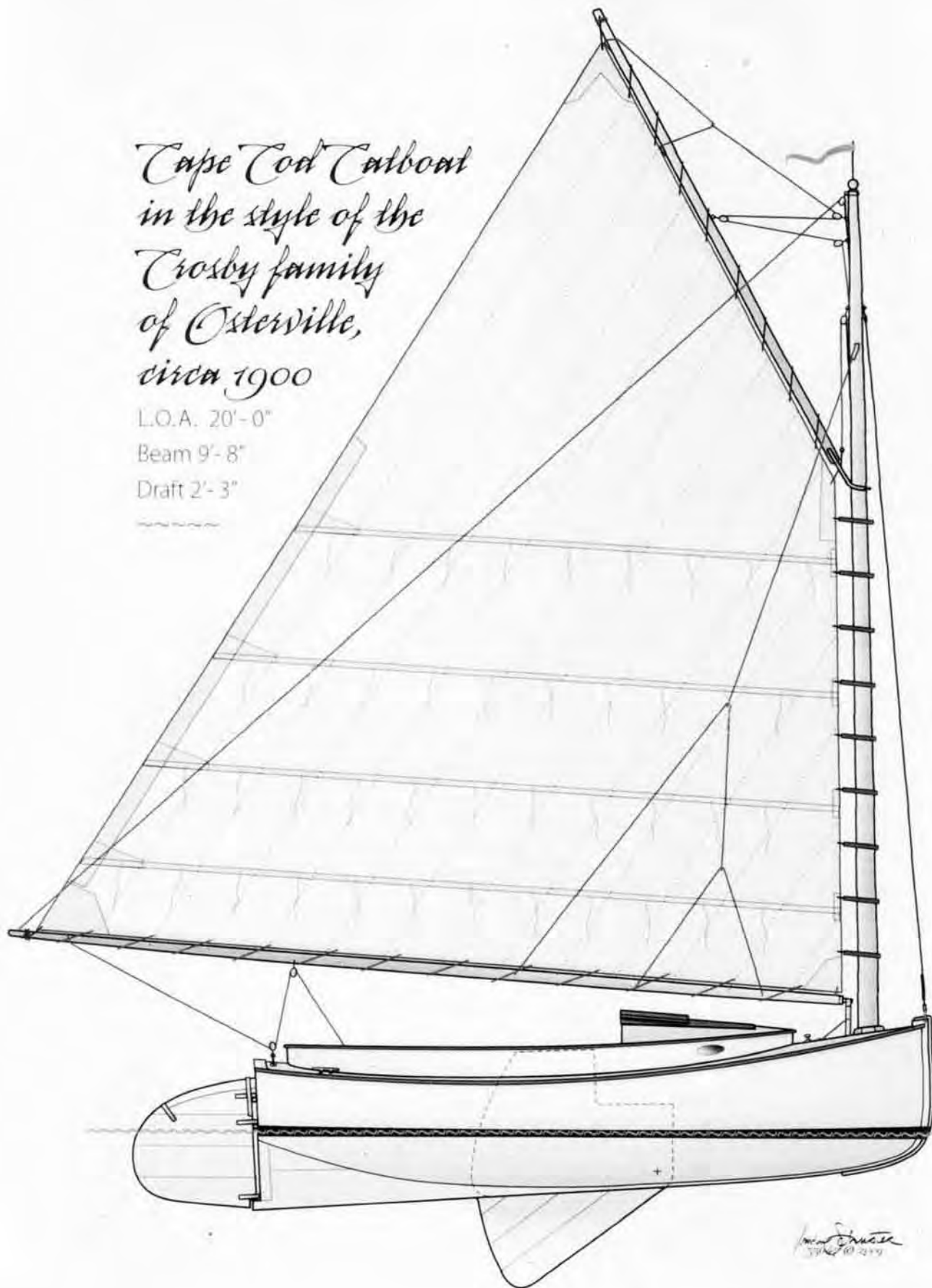
Glen-L Marine • 9152 Rosecrans Avenue/MA •
Bellflower, CA 90706 • 888-700-5007
Online Catalog: www.Glen-L.com/MA

*Cape Cod Catboat
in the style of the
Trosby family
of Osterville,
circa 1900*

L.O.A. 20'-0"

Beam 9'-8"

Draft 2'-3"



Small Craft Illustration #5 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

CBMM Builds Acorn Skiff in Public Boat Building Program

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has announced a new project for its Apprentice for a Day public boat building program. By constructing a boat from start to finish, traditional boat building techniques will be taught to AFAD participants of all skill levels under the direction of CBMM's professional shipwrights and volunteers. Participation is limited, with preregistration needed.

The current project is a private commission for a 12' Acorn skiff, designed by Iain Oughtred. This sailing/rowing skiff will be lapstrake construction using glued okoume. With construction steps scheduled over 24 weeks, the program takes participants from lines and lofting to the final launch in July 2018.

AFAD participants can be a part of the whole process, or can sign up only for specific dates. The "Journeyman's Special" package makes a great gift and includes any four days for one reduced price, and can diversify the experience to include several different learning opportunities. Participants must be 16 or older unless accompanied by an adult.

Updated photos of the project are being posted at <http://bit.ly/afadpics> with the detailed boat building schedule and more information at bit.ly/boatyardprograms. To register for the AFAD program, or to commission your own vessel, contact CBMM Shipyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or email afad@cbmm.org.

Adventures & Experiences...

Enjoyed the Rogue River Article

I especially enjoyed the article on the Rogue River in Oregon in the January issue. Here is a picture taken in the late '70s of me in the stern of my 17' Blue Hole canoe on the first drop of the wild and scenic portion of the Rogue.

Bill Trumbull, Helena, MT



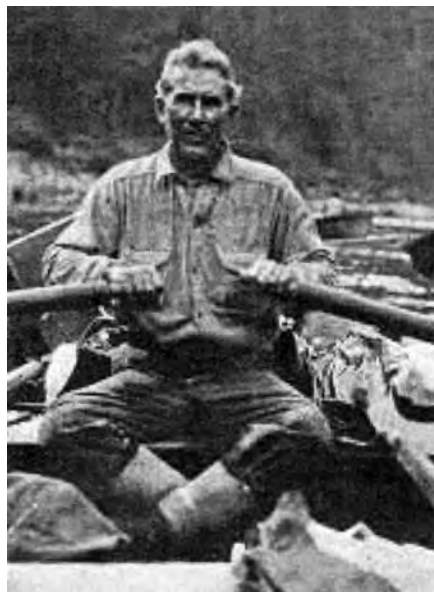
News of Interest...

Zane Gray Ferrying a Drift Boat

I enjoy the old photos in *MAIB*. Here's a good one. Zane Gray (old timers may remember the Zane Gray Theater), a New York City dentist, also did some writing about the old west. Now, let's look closely at this old photo. It shows a fit, muscular Zane Gray ferrying a drift boat. His home was on the Delaware River, (the National Park Service maintains it now as a museum), however, this photo could have been taken on a Pacific Northwest river. Note, there is also a second drift boat just to the right of Gray's left shoulder in the background. If anybody knows anything about the boats in the photo, please share it with readers.

Here is what I observe in the photo. Ferrying a drift boat is extremely complicated as anyone that has done it will tell you. Make a mistake and you are doomed. Gray, a fisherman, looks confident and prepared. He has extra oars, a sun hat and a box of something in the boat. His posture in the boat demonstrated his athleticism. Gray had a brief career in minor league baseball which was cut short due to an injury. He looks like the kind of guy you would want to go fishing with. He could tell some great stories.

Robert Dalley, Port Junalaska NC, Rdalley@att.net



Opinions...

Re: Over the Horizon February 2018

I am addressing these remarks to Doc Regan based on my status as a long time subscriber to this publication (since the mid 1980s), a 1975 graduate of the United States Merchant Marine Academy (USMMA), with a career of over 35 years at sea, much of it as a Chief Engineer on various merchant ships.

Doc, you were very critical in your assessment of the USMMA in your February column. In many ways you are correct but

you also seem to be behind in your information. You are correct that the situation was a mess and pretty unforgivable overall, especially vis-à-vis the accreditation issue. That never should have happened. You're probably correct in your assessment that leadership and mixed messages from Washington, DC probably had a lot to do with it. However, USMMA was granted full accreditation on November 16, 2017 so that part, at least, has been dealt with.

Your statement about the sexual harassment cases is arguable. The temporary shutdown of the Sea Year was a direct response to this situation. Some would argue that it was an overreaction as opposed to ignoring it. In any case, Sea Year has been reinstated for commercial companies that agree to abide by a set of eligibility requirements. The latest version was promulgated on December 19, 2017.

I really take issue with the last sentence in your article. I will quote it in its entirety here: "Coupled with the Jones Act, the USMMA is a major force of incompetence among our merchant officers."

I have sailed with graduates of all of the Maritime Academies in the United States. I have never found the graduates of any one school to be any more or less competent than any of the others. And speaking in general, it seems that it is mostly the US Navy officers who seem to keep running into things lately. I'm not sure what the Jones Act has to do with competence or the lack thereof. It does a lot of things that I like (and others don't) but I've never heard accusations that it creates a lack of competence among Merchant Officers. If you have information that I don't have, please bring it forward.

In closing, I am proud of my alma mater. I will say one thing about it without reservation, graduates of the USMMA are almost universally successful. I've never known any that were not. It has problems but it is getting through them.

Acta Non Verba, Don Staples, USMMA 1975

This Magazine...

There's Something Missing ...

Well, Bob said it was going to happen and it did. When I picked up the latest *MAIB* sure enough, it wasn't there. I noticed it immediately and I want to say I already miss reading Matthew Goldman's work. Matthew had a way with words and a rare ability to tell a tale. So I can only say, "Matthew... thank you for your work and I always enjoyed your articles. If by chance you change your mind... don't be shy about firing up the old Smith Corona and giving it another go!"

Johnny Mack, Morehead City, NC

Over the Horizon Appeals

"Over The Horizon" keeps me subscribed to this magazine. Period.

Bill Zweig

Day -1 – Wednesday, May 17

Spinning the brand new Tohatsu 3.5 around 180° in order to back out of the leeward launch ramp dock, I twist the throttle, and barely manage to hold onto the running outboard as it wrenches itself nearly off the motor mount with only a single screw clamp, a thin metal lanyard, and my desperate grip on the throttle arm keeping it from dropping into the salty water. Panic sets in as the shock of losing the newly purchased outboard dominates my thoughts. As the brisk wind blows the 21' Dovekie *Mulsae* towards inevitable collision with unforgiving docks 20' away, I hurriedly manage to get the motor shut off and secured in time to keep the boat from bashing too hard into the wooden pilings.

What a way to start a trip!" I mutter after tying off docking lines fore and aft. It is May 17, 2017, the day before the annual Florida 120 group sail on the Intercoastal waters of the Pensacola/Florida panhandle area. Launching from the unofficial starting ramp at Lillian, Alabama, we will sail approximately 120 miles to Navarre, Florida, and back over four days and nights via Perdido and Pensacola Bays and the ICW.

On the road this morning around 7am, the four and a half hour drive finds me on the western shore of Perdido Bay. The Lillian ramp is nice with lots of parking. The biggest downside is the southeast wind blowing into the ramp. That makes it tougher than usual to launch boats and get away from the lee shore ramp and docks. Luckily, participants launching from here help each other get underway towards the unofficial Dupont Point camp three miles across the bay.

There are already a handful of boats rigging in the parking lot as I pull in, some familiar, some not. Familiar includes Scott G in a new to him O'Day 192. I also get to greet and chat with new captains like Scott B in the great looking French made Astus tri and JF Bedford sailing his sharp looking River of Grass (RoG) design.

The 2017 Florida 120 Official Route.

Mulsae Gets Salty at the Florida 120

By Mike Mangus

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

I help get most of the other captains on their way. A couple more like Joe (aka PD) in his modified *Goose* is still rigging. I get *Mulsae* launched and secured without too much trouble. The brand new purchased last week Tohatsu is started and let idle for the first ten minutes of its break in time. Giving the motor time to run, I wander around the parking lot to see how everyone else is doing. The "Ducky" captained by Scott and family is rigging up quickly. PD, ever the chatty sailor, is going a bit slower. Well, no time better than now to get going I guess.

After getting the outboard remounted (tightly!), I manage to clear the dock without further hi jinks and motor out across the bay. Mindful of Tohatsu's less than half throttle break in recommendation, I find the 3.5hp motor easily pushes *Mulsae* 4.5mph at 1/4 throttle for an easy three mile trip to Dupont Point. Here I greet John B sailing his Core

Sound 17 *Bandaloop*, Scott W and his pretty self designed *Otis*, and James S in his Core Sound 17 *Picaroon* who arrived yesterday or earlier today. It is nice seeing old sailing friends again!

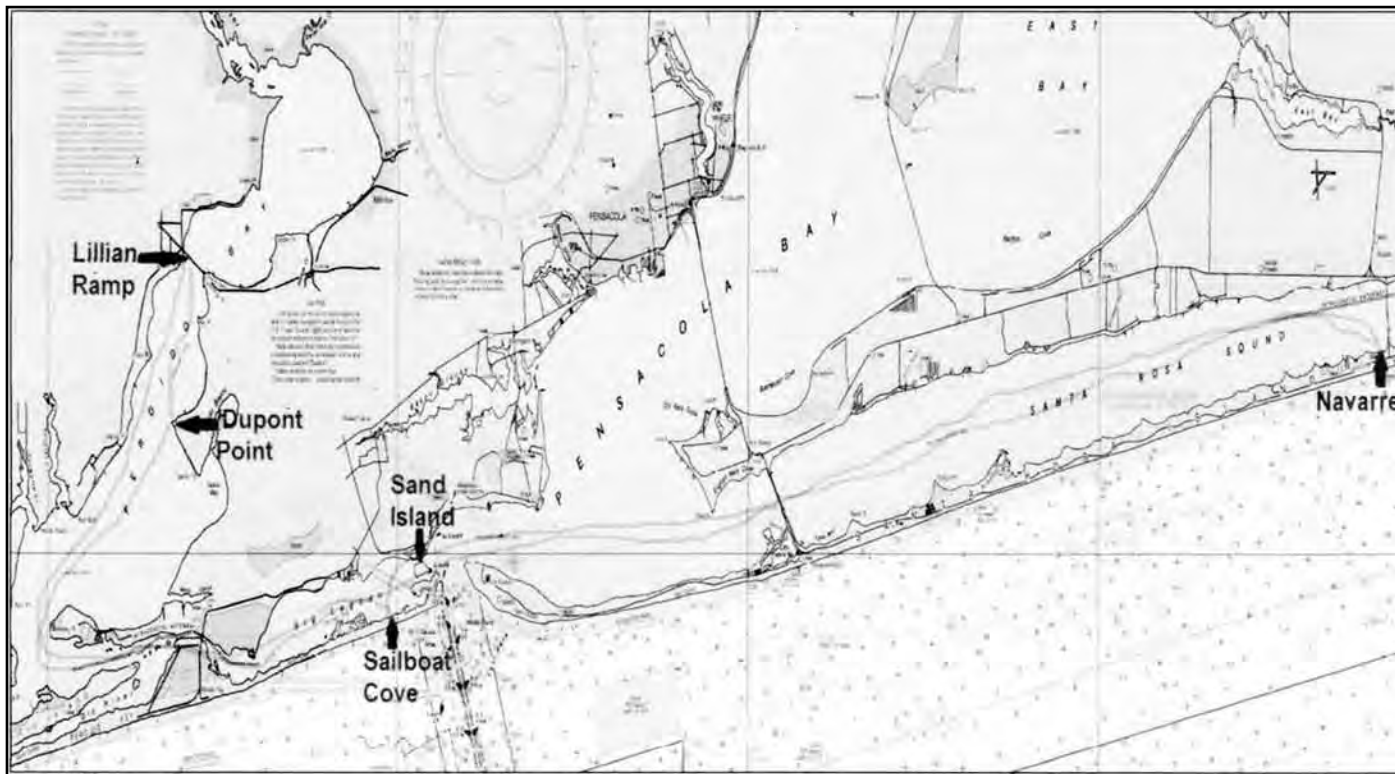
As is wont to happen when sailors get together in one place, we cluster around in chairs to relax and chat as the sun starts the final fall towards the horizon. New and old participants alike converse about the trip, boats, sailing, and whatever topic happens to come up.

As sunset nears, we see another set of sails moving quickly across the bay. Looks like PD is working the *Goose* upwind towards the camp. Even knowing the *Goose* can be a fast planing boat, I'm impressed by the speed he is making. Even so, it will be close to see if he or darkness wins the race to the camp.

As dusk drops a curtain of darkness over the bay someone suddenly exclaims that PD's sail has disappeared! Fearing of an overturned boat in the choppy nighttime bay, John B decides to mount a rescue. I hop aboard *Bandaloop* to assist. Taking line of sight measurements from western shore lights we motor out to the general area to find PD drifting. It is a relief to see the boat upright and him safe. We manage to take him under tow back to Dupont Point. As the story



A handful of boats tucked in behind the tree sheltered shore at DuPont Point.



goes, the Goose's mast delaminated on one side and dropped the entire rig into the water. The damage is assessed and some of us recommend that he should be able to reef the sail and use what mast is left for an easy downwind run back to the ramp in the morning.

The rest of the evening is spent cooking up a hot ramen meal and getting the boat settled for the evening. The night is so nice that I forgo the porch tent to leave *Mulsae's* cockpit open to the mild breeze. Bedding settled, I read for about an hour before sleep beckons around 10pm.

Day 1 – Thursday, May 18

As usual, the pre dawn's lightening of the sky greets my awakening eyes. Between the cool night and comfortable bed kit, I slept well in spite of still sore ribs from an injury some weeks ago. The bedding gets stowed before the usual pastry and cold breakfast drink.

Other captains are moving about but no one seems to be in a hurry to get moving this morning. Today we sail approximately 26 miles from Dupont Point in Perdido Bay to Fort McCrea (aka Sand Island Cove) located on the west side of the Pensacola Gulf Pass. The easterly wind is mild, perhaps around 8mph, though expected to swing to the southeast sometime mid morning and rise to a pleasant 12-15mph. The sky is overcast at the moment though forecasted to clear to sunny and warm. Should be a nice sail. The only possibly tricky part is the east/west Perdido Pass where the narrow channel and a headwind may force plenty of tacking.

The cloud hidden sun breaks the horizon. Still no one seems ready to get sailing. Alrighty then! Guess someone has to be first. I raise sail and pull up anchors to drift with the wind away from shore. Given enough space, I drop the rudder and boards, sheet in and bear away towards the southwest on a slow beam reach. The wind is just enough to keep the main sheet taut. The GPS is showing 2ish mph.

A couple of months back I crafted a roller furler for a custom 45sf jib from Duckworks just for situations like this, i.e., light wind sailing. The Dovekie is notably slow in light wind. Although not designed to use a jib, the Dovekie picks up 1-2mph after I unfurled it. The bow centerboard (I'm totally sold on bow centerboards!) keeps the boat tracking straight without any lee helm.

A mile or two later I notice another raised sail behind me. Scott's *Otis* trails a couple of miles behind with full sail and jib set. Behind him another couple of sets of sails bloom. Over the next couple of hours he shortens my lead as we approach the turn around Perdido Point towards the east. Reaching the point, I decide to stay on port tack and cross the sound to the southern Intercoastal island shoreline. The idea is to take advantage of the slow wind shift to the southeast to set up a long easterly tack. Scott on the other hand short tacks to run easterly along the northern shoreline. The short tack lets him pull even and eventually pull ahead, but only for a short while when he runs out of sailing water and is forced to tack south while I continue the long easterly tack.

Approaching the narrowest part of the pass we decide to drop sails and motor in lieu of tacking through. Since we are well in front of everyone else and it is still early yet, we motor under the Perdido Bridge to stop at a state park a few hundred yards further on. There, we take advantage of outdoor showers

to wash the salt off. Scott also helps replace *Mulsae's* rudder downhaul line that snapped during the beaching. Thanks Scott!



Scott W in *Otis*. (Michael Johnson Photo)

Refreshed and noting the late morning time, we decide to motor back under the bridge to tie up at the Oyster Bar restaurant for lunch. Other boats trickle in not long after to fill a corner of the restaurant's upper deck with hungry sailors. Delicious food here! Some comments that the Florida 120 seems to be more like an eating tour. Hard to argue against that since we will be eating at Juanas' in Navarre tomorrow. Heh. We restock with fresh ice and get underway. I watch JF smartly tack his motorless RoG against current and wind under the bridge and into the Big Lagoon to the east. Well done!

As one of the last to launch from lunch break, I motor out of the narrows, set sail, and enjoy a handful of tacks into the Big Lagoon. This wide yet shallow expanse of water provides plenty of room to lay a long close hauled starboard tack to the Fort McCrea cove. At one point John's *Bandaloop* chases me down and tacks away less than 25' behind, making for an amusing moment before he pulls away ahead.

At McCrea, I find the rest of the FL120 boats, including another Dovekie! I've been looking forward to seeing another one ever since buying mine. *Gusty* is a 1983 build with noticeable differences in regard to hatch design and wider leeboards. The owner, Lee M, and I talk and compare the two Dovekies, both of us taking away things we like about the other's boat and possible changes to be done in the future.

The sun sinks towards the western horizon as we socialize. About half the boats decide to shift up the shoreline away from the brushy areas to avoid mosquitoes and stay in the fresh breeze. After darkness falls, I enjoy the cool evening. Nearby a couple of gentlemen get a beach fire going. Their low conversation is the last thing I hear as sleep happens.

Boats beached at Ft McCrea, aka Sand Island. (Michael Johnson Photo)



Day 2 – Friday, May 19

As expected we wake to a fresh 8 knot wind directly from the east, the direction we need to go to our next stop at Navarre. I've been looking forward to stopping at Juana's in Navarre for the last three years to get one of their delicious burgers. Heh. Getting there will not be without challenges such as expected 13-15 knot east to southeast winds building up a good sized fetch across the Santa Rosa Sound and Pensacola Bay. That is going to add even more tough miles to the 30+ mile day trip. A handful of us decide to give it a shot and see how bad it will be. By skimming the Intercoastal island shoreline we hope to avoid the bigger Pensacola Bay chop. Half of the other captains decide to play it safe after seeing the weather forecasts and either sail back to Dupont Point or their respective ramps for take out.

Lee's Dovekie *Gusty* and I are among the first boats starting out though not under sail, we decide to motor across the gulf pass entrance which can really get rough from gulf waves coming in and tide going out. Indeed, it is rough going until we make the lee of Fort Pickens on the other side. Once in the lee we raise mainsails and shut motors off to begin the tack fest against the freshening cast wind. My first tack runs across the sound before tacking back across from the naval base. Once again in the Intercoastal island lee, I put in a reef and tack bravely out into Pensacola Bay. Rough. Oh so rough and very choppy! *Mulsae* is beating against wind and pounding waves which bring her speed down to a 3mph average. At this rate it will take most of the morning to get across the bay! Mistakenly keeping a port tack too long I slip further north into the bay where it gets really rough! When a gust heels the boat enough to bury the rowing port in water, I decide a second reef is in order.

Of course what I want and what happens can sometimes be different. Unclearing the boom snorter too much lets the back half go overboard and taking half the sail with it. Ack! The sail is heavy filled with water, it takes supreme effort and more than a little leg pressing to drag the heavy boom and sail back onto the wildly rocking boat. Catching a breath and unhappy with the failed reef, I decide to drop sail and motor across the bay. That takes well over an hour! It isn't like the 3.5hp motor is not up to task, it is the heavy pounding through the choppy big waves. Every time the bow drop slams into the water, *Mulsae* rattles the rigging and everything else not tied down. Even the normally

dry boat (and her captain!) gets salted down from the rampant spray.

It is with much relief to finally find smoother water while closing in on Shoreline Park east of the bay. Two hundred yards shy of the park's ramp the Tohatsu runs out of fuel. Well heck. Better now than in the middle of the rough bay! A splash of fuel and lots of starter cord pulls later finds *Mulsae* motoring over to beach upon the shore next to the ramp.

On shore I find Pat Johnson. That is a surprise! With the rough water abounding and a scheduled boat change, Pat decides instead to pull out and photograph boats attempting the Pensacola Bay crossing. It is pure luck that landed me where he was at. Cool. He and I settle on a shaded park bench to chat (him) and rest (me). He relates that I am the first boat he has seen make the crossing this morning. That is a surprise too! I figured John, JF, or Scott had already crossed. Oh, which reminds me, I lost sight of Dovekie *Gusty* halfway across the bay. When last seen they had sails down and were motoring again. Later I find out they stopped at the base of the Pensacola Bridge to wait for me, and I never showed. Afterwards, they motored back to Fort McCrea Cove to spend the night.

At this point it is around 10am. I'm tired and looking at options. Spending the night here at Shoreline Park then catching (maybe) boats returning from Navarre tomorrow is an option. Returning to last night's camp may be good even with the rough downwind sail across the bay. Suddenly Pat points out across the sound towards the Intercoastal islands, a sail! Two sails in fact! Turns out John in *Bandaloop* and JF sailing the RoG, followed shortly by Scott in *Otis* hugged the island's lee shore to cross the bay. Tuning in the VHF radio finds they are planning on heading onward and possibly stopping at Big Sabine to reassess the conditions. Well heck. If they can do it then I can do it! That little bit of wisdom gives me a shot of energy. While I head over to *Mulsae* with intent to set a second reef, Pat bids goodbye with a mention of meeting us in Navarre later on.

The second reef is set in without trouble. I walk the anchor out 70' (got to love the shallow water here) and kedged *Mulsae* off the lee shore. Shortly afterwards we port tack across the somewhat protected (read smoother) water on the bridge's west side. Before I'm halfway across, the others make it under the bridge into the eastern Santa Rosa Sound. An hour later finds *Mulsae* motoring under the Pensacola Bridge.

Yes, it is rougher on this side. To be expected with the ESE wind kicking up a fetch along the length of the sound. Up ahead already in the island's lee is *Otis*' distinctive gaff sail. Hmm, it'll take a while to beat against this chop to the lee, may as well motor it. So I do. Heh. Once in the lee the sail is sheeted in, motor turned off, and an easterly course set. Thankfully, the wind has shifted some to the southeast making for a nice long close hauled starboard tack. The sun breaks out from the clouds to happily light up the day. Hey, this is pretty good sailing, albeit a bit slow at 3mph with that second reef in! The boat is comfortable though without excessive heeling.

Hmm, I wonder, something I have wanted to try was sailing the 45sf jib with a reefed main. Cautiously, I unfurl the jib and set the sheet, and find out that the boat seems to be OK with that. A slight increase in heeling and a noticeable 2mph boost in speed.

Great! Even though the Dovekie was never designed for a jib this seems to be working out rather well. The bow centerboard is keeping the bow tracking straight and there is no lee helm at all. The lack of lee helm is a surprise since the combined center of effort is well in front of the leeboards. Yet apparently the bow centerboard is keeping things under control. Although for some reason *Mulsae* has always had some weather helm (and very heavy weather helm in higher winds even when reefed), contrary to reports from other Dovekie owners.

It isn't enough to catch Scott and the others though we seem to be maintaining the distance. Hours later sailing in sun soaked beautiful weather I see Scott and another boat tack south for a pit stop at the Pavilions. The Pavilions is an Intercoastal island park a half dozen miles shy of Navarre Beach. Consisting of park bench shelter, a sweet sand beach, and a centralized bathroom shower building, it makes for a tidy spot to take a break and clean up before continuing onward. Scott and the other boat, a CS 17 captained by James S and crew Joe H, are still there by the time I beach alongside. We chat for a bit, use the facilities, and decide to shake out reefs for the now lighter southeast wind. Fifteen minutes later, we are sailing again.

Since I kept a single reef in and Scott and James didn't, the other boats slowly pull away. Yet they forget the Dovekie's ultra shoal capability that lets me stay windward near shore while they bear off to avoid shoals. So although they covered ground faster I avoid a big tack into Navarre beach to finish less than 15 minutes after them. We are greeted by Pat who drove over from Pensacola. Along with John, Scott, JF, JF's parents (sailed over on a 25'+ boat), James and Joe, we invade Juana's for dinner. I get the burger that I've wanted for the last three years. It's still delicious!

Just before dusk a couple of more sailboats arrive. It's Murry in his diminutive 12' Widgeon and Rich R in a Drascombe! Now Murry is a very experienced sailor and does surprising things with that Widgeon, such as make it to Navarre as one of only seven FL120 boats to make the trip. He relates poking into Pensacola Bay and upon seeing how rough the water was, decided to stop near Ft Pickens and take a nap to wait out the wind shift. A handful of hours later with the wind now coming from the southeast he runs the Intercoastal shore's smoother waters and easily makes the trip to Navarre. Sailing with the weather vs beating against it, smart!

Sunset at Navarre Beach.



Murry and his 12' Widgeon. (Michael Johnson Photo)

After sunset in the twilight, JF hoists the RoG's mizzen and sails a little bit offshore to anchor for the night. I marvel at how controlled and easily the boat moves on mizzen only. Definitely a very capable boat in the hands of a capable sailor. Juana's music and party continues on as I settle in for the night. Not a problem though because it has been a long day and I'm tired.

Day 3 – Saturday, May 20

A very mild east wind and the beginnings of a clear sunny day greets us upon awakening. I slept well. It is amazing how much better sailing is after getting a good sleep in. After stowing gear and a breakfast of yellow cake washed down with a cold breakfast drink, I chat with the others to decide our plans for the day. Officially tonight's camp will be Sailboat Cove, a curved and semi-protected Intercoastal island shore spot in the Big Lagoon just west of Ft McCrea. Yet the weather report calling for heavy evening storms and possibly extremely light Sunday morning wind has us tossing other ideas about. When all is said and talked about, nearly all of us decide to press onward into Perdido Bay and stop at Dupont Point for the evening. That would give us an easy three mile trip on Sunday morning to the Lillian Boat ramp.

A couple of other captains who launched from other area ramps such as Mahogany Mills decide to sail back and pull out today. As it turns out, a majority of the participants pull out of the trip today for one reason or another. Windwise it is looking like a good downwind run for nearly the entire distance with a short 5ish mile beam reach across Perdido Bay, around 48 miles all told. If the wind does not pick up to the predicted 15-18mph

SE, we could always stop at Ft McCrea. We may simply push as far as we can before dark and anchor wherever we end up.

Scott in *Otis* launches first with myself soon after. We forego any reefs in the light morning wind. Wanting to catch up to *Otis* about a half mile ahead, I unfurl the jib and play with trying to keep it filled with the wind coming directly behind. Scott seems to have better luck staying wing on wing with mainsail and jib. *Mulsae* oh so slowly starts to gain ground until finally the wind starts to freshen more to the Dovekie's liking. After catching up, the jib gets furled to try to match Scott's speed with mainsail alone as we sail close to the Intercoastal island's shoreline.

The two Core Sounds and JF's RoG launch well behind. John B's *Bandaloop* takes a direct route through mid sound towards Pensacola Bridge. James's CS 17 trails a bit slower. JF's RoG keeps sails on the same tack, giving up some speed yet seemingly content to stay with the back group of boats. John in *Bandaloop*, flying a staysail, easily passes Scott and I. At that speed, he should reach the Mahogany Mills boat ramp by noon!



John's *Bandaloop* CS17 flying a staysail.

As morning progresses, so does the wind speed. *Mulsae* likes the faster south-east wind and starts to slowly pull away from *Otis*. Staying in the Intercoastal island's lee finds smooth water as the GPS ticks through the miles quickly. We have a radio discussion on the location of Big Sabine (I never having sailed into it before) in which John warns of shoals approaching. The others veer away from shore while I truck onward and over it. The leeboards never touch bottom.

Under Pensacola Bridge and well ahead of everyone except *Bandaloop*, I angle southward to pick up the Intercoastal island shore again. The water smooths out and with the brisk wind *Mulsae* averages 6.5mph. Another radio discussion ensues on how we should pass Sand Island ahead, through the cove or north in the ICW. I favor the cove passage. Others favor the ICW. The decision is made for us when a ship is spotted in the ICW. Cove it is! The sun is warm and bright. The sunscreen applied earlier is keeping me from burning. Yet there is a problem, sweat is dripping the stuff into my eyes. With burning blurry eyes I sail into Ft McCrea Cove and beach. May as well take a short break and wait for the others to catch up. While I was

washing out my eyes, Scott in *Otis* beaches nearby. As we take a short break to hydrate and dewater, James's CS 17 passes both of us out into the Big Lagoon.

You know what they say about two sailboats heading in the same direction, right? Scott and I quickly launch and the chase is on! The only problem though is how fast those CS17s are. James easily outdistances us to leave Scott and I to duel it out between ourselves. Through the Big Lagoon into the strait and under the Perdido Bridge, we trade the lead multiple times depending on the wind. *Otis* is quick but *Mulsae* picks up well in the gusts. We remain neck and neck until the channel opens up and frees the wind.

By this time just past noon the wind has clocked firmly into the southeast and freshened into the high teens enough that I would normally put in a reef. Although the boat is heeling somewhat uncomfortably at times I decide not to reef since Scott isn't either and we are running downwind. With the channel widening again, I decide to angle south a little to stay close to the Intercoastal shoreline. Scott continues on directly along the northern mainland shoreline.

Mistake. By keeping on the south side I give Scott a lot of ground and he pulls ahead. Eh. At least I'll have a nice downwind run towards Perdido Point and the bay beyond. By the time we turn to round the point the Dovekie's better downwind speed actually closes some of the distance between us. Scott gybes and rounds the point followed by me some ten minutes later. Once clear of the point and into Perdido Bay the full force of the unobstructed wind blasts us.

Holy cow! It's windy! Later clocked at 19-20mph with 25mph+ gusts, it is way too much wind for full sail! The wind driven 3'-4' waves bash against the boat's starboard side as we sail a beam reach towards Dupont Point 5ish miles distant. This is not a good point of sail for a Dovekie in high winds. The boat's shrouds from the raked mast prevent opening the sail enough to dump wind in gusts. At best, an overcanvassed Dovekie can only round up to dump wind. I gamely give it a go with gritted teeth and a white knuckle grip on the sheet and tiller. Ten minutes of that and two near knockdowns convince me to put in a reef. Thank goodness for the new quick reef system! It takes about six minutes to set the reef, during which James and Joe pass by in the CS17 and call out if everything is okay. I call back about putting in a reef and everything is good.

One reef set, we get back underway. It is still rough but at least the boat is more under control. During the gusts I wonder if a second reef should be used but after a while *Mulsae* shows that she can handle the wind and waves as well as make good towards our destination. For the second time in as many days, spray salts me and *Mulsae* takes on a couple of gallons of water. From behind the Astus tri blazes along with a reef in. Both he and JF's RoG pass the slower Dovekie. Ah well. It was a good run while it lasted. Heh.

Fifty minutes later finds *Mulsae* rounding the tip of Dupont Point into the smooth waters beyond. The difference is shocking! From wave bashing and wind blasting to tree damped wind and smooth water within a hundred feet. The relief is stark. I beach the boat next to *Otis* and breathe a relieved sigh. That was tough going! Still, the boat showed that it is more capable than I thought it was. That last part gives me more confidence in sailing a Dovekie. In spite of the relatively slow crossing of Perdido Bay, I am amazed upon checking the GPS. 48.4 miles traveled in seven hours 28 minutes moving time. Woah. That is quick! Even quicker for Scott who was about seven minutes faster than me. Scott mentions that was his fastest run in *Otis* to date.

Along with JF, Scott B, James and Joe, and Scott W, we relax and chat about the day's sail. As dusk closes I cook up some ramen and prepare the boat for the expected rain tonight. As night falls so comes the rain and high winds, lots of it. Lots and lots of it. Two lightning storm fronts pass through during the night. At one point during the lull between storms, Scott and I pull the boats further up on shore and reset anchors. I also discover that the water-proof bimini isn't. The deluge is so much that water weeps through the canvas. Even the canvas dodger leaks under the assault! The bimini leaked so bad that I stuck the ice chest under to catch the water. Moving the bedding further towards the bow under the hatch covers, I find a leak coming from a solar panel wiring hole. Apparently I didn't get it sealed as well as hoped. Bleah! By 3am, the fronts pass through and everyone manages to get some sleep.

Day 4 – Sunday, May 21

The morning dawns overcast and hardly a lick of wind. The captains of the remaining five FL120 boats wake slowly and take stock. Everyone suffered from leaks last night, even the production tri. I empty the now one quarter full ice chest and sponge a few gallons of water out of *Mulsae*. Task done, I wander over to the other boats to see how everyone else fared. Wet. Wet yet everyone survived. Heh.

Scott in *Otis* is the first boat out on smooth water and the windless overcast morning. Both of us decided to motor. I follow about 15 minutes later to give him time to clear the ramp before I arrive. Getting *Mulsae* out of the water goes smoothly though I leave the mast up to show Lee M the reefing system. After a couple of hours of chatting and prepping the boat for travel, I'm on the road for the uneventful four and a half hour trip back to Mississippi.

This annual Florida 120 is my official start of the sailing season. Although none of the last four FL 120s have been "easy" for me, this year's event is the first that I have completed from start to finish and made all the camps. Sailing the Pensacola area is always a good sail with plenty to do, things to see, places to visit, and especially good food to eat. Doing all of that in company with sailing friends makes it that much better. I hope to see more captains next year. I'll be there.

Mulsae and *Otis* dueling it out while running before the wind west of Perdido Bridge. (Don Romer Photo)



As I sit down to write in mid winter, I don't have to think back very far to recall recent adventures driving on ice and snow. In such situations, the concept of not doing anything too quickly or suddenly generally serves me well, and it's been many, many years since I was last in the ditch. This same technique often helps with operating a boat in close quarters.

Admittedly the boat captain is spared the sometimes disastrous effects of gravity, but wind or current can trigger the same feelings of helplessness. It may not be a matter of literally stepping back to assess the situation, but sometimes the best thing to do is to do nothing, to wait and see what the boat (or car) is wanting to do on its own, and only then try to make adjustments.

As a kid being taught to drive so many (60) years ago, the advice for snow and ice was to try to pretend that there were no brakes. In a power boat you do have brakes, in a manner of speaking, but in reverse a single screw inboard boat will pull to one side or the other (right hand props pull to port and left to starboard) and often neutral is your best friend.

When sailing the wind is your brake, and we all know that is a mixed blessing. When trying to pick up a mooring or docking, if you come up just short, you will promptly find yourself drifting backwards. It always seems that the perfect approach is made when nobody is watching, and the mistakes happen when there is a critical audience. It's a subtle offshoot of Mr Murphy, and maybe someone has named it as his law.

Some people seem to have been blessed with good judgment, and others, well, good judgment and caution are not interchangeable, but often they hang out together. "Fools rush in" is a saying learned at a young age, and then sometimes promptly forgotten. But for every saying there seems to be an equally valid opposite one, like "you snooze, you lose" and there are many times when holding back can lead to disaster.

In whitewater, for instance, the paddler who waits to see what the boat wants to do is often swimming before he or she knows what happened. In some situations, even split second thinking does not work, and people need to rely on instinct and not much else. Some people are comfortable with their instincts and seek out danger and extreme situations. Others, myself included, always have a nagging doubt and wonder if we will be up to the situation if suddenly we need to do exactly the correct thing, with no time to think. People like police and soldiers train repeatedly to be able to perform at the

In Praise of Patience and Good Judgment

By Boyd Mefferd

right moment. I'm sure training helps, but it is far from 100% effective. The fear of being "the deer in the headlights" causes many of us to avoid situations that might turn dangerous, simply because we don't know how good we may turn out to be, or how quick our reaction time is.

In running hundreds and hundreds of power boats over the years, I've encountered a few which were unsafe. I've come close, but never rolled a boat over or been thrown out of one, knock on wood. It's my job to know what I'm selling, and often there is very little hint of a problem before speed and waves make it obvious. Once the defect is discovered it's a question of how to deal with it. I know that a lawyer would tell me to walk away quickly, but that only solves the problem for me and not for the next person. Several times after a sea trial I've put wording in my report that the boat is unsafe in certain conditions, or above a certain RPM. Probably, rather than reporting, I should have a plaque made up and fasten it firmly to the dash. Maybe rather than trying to define the limits, I should just borrow the slogan of Winsted, Connecticut native and resident, Ralph Nader, "unsafe at any speed."

Many years ago I purchased a 17' Chris-Craft utility which probably was delivered with 95hp, and could have been optioned up to 131hp, but ended up with a 300hp performance V8. It had far too much horsepower for the hull design, particularly the small original rudder which had not been changed. At speed there was no way to predict which way the boat would go. This was one case where waiting to see what the boat wanted to do was inevitable, but not very satisfactory. Since "good judgment" is in the title of this little article, I should add that someone with good judgment would have walked away before buying this particular boat. Being too late for that, what to do next?

I did the only thing I could do, I sold it to a lawyer. A good customer who was a New York personal injury attorney fell in love with it and said that he understood my predicament and promised to take care. No matter what happened, he gave me his word that he would not hold me responsible. I realized later that his prospective widow or estate had not given me a similar assurance, but I went

with it because I didn't know what else to do. Over time he learned how far he could push the boat, and if it ever scared him he wasn't about to admit it.

There is a definite divide between the kinds of classic fast power boats I've sold for 37 years and the pointy, go fast offshore boats that virtually everyone else on the water has learned to hate. In a mental lapse a good friend bought a 34' Wellcraft with twin big block engines and then restored and perfected it. He invited me to go on a run out of the mouth of the Connecticut River. The boat would do 80mph, but we were loafing along at 65mph. He asked if I wanted to drive it and I said sure. Just a few minutes later a lighthouse appeared, rapidly getting closer. I realized that I was confused about where I was, and the captain said that what I saw was the light at the west end of The Race, the one on Little Gull Island. I wasn't quite sure how we got there that quickly. I'd never gone that fast on the water before.

My career as an offshore powerboat operator was extremely short, not much longer than Andy Warhol's famous 15 minutes. As we got into the waters of The Race, I got a funny feeling (technical term?) from the boat and pulled back a little on both throttles. My friend corrected me, saying that in situations like that, you put on more power. I know this idea from driving trucks, but still it went completely opposite to my boating instincts, so I gave him back the helm. We came back to tie up at the fuel dock where such boats spend a lot of their time, and I decided that it didn't take very long to get that kind of boat out of my system, so to speak. My friend took longer, but not much longer, and sold the boat. People tell me that this whole subset of boating crashed in 2008 and never came back.

Good judgment is what we rely on when we don't have a firm set of rules. This winter I've been reading through *Chapman's*, the "bible" of small boating instruction books. There is a rule for seemingly everything, and the second editor, Elbert S. Maloney, even gives us hints about how to pronounce words, such as "starb'd" (too Boston for you?) but ultimately cautioning about overdoing it with the advice, "strained efforts to effect a salty lingo are conspicuously inappropriate." Even with all the rules, I was amused at the "man overboard" paragraph which just says that "circumstances will tell you how best to approach the man in the water." It's not quite saying to stop and see what the boat wants to do, but that might work too. Even in this structured world, there's still a place for good judgment and common sense.



The Loss Of The *Robinson Crusoe* On The Infernal Ribble Banks,

by Barry Lancaster

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

READING Keith Muscott's fascinating article in the Summer Bulletin #234, about the Lifeboat Disaster of 1886, Part One, brought back distant memories of a very traumatic experience I had on the Ribble Estuary banks on the 10th May, 1975.

Not being a natural author or scholar – despite the fact that I was born in Brontë country – and 74 years of age, please forgive any mistakes I may make in the following article.

I am enclosing a simplified chart, not to scale, to explain the layout of the area and the sandbanks.

Firstly, may I give you a brief history of my early sailing experience?

I began sailing with a Heron dinghy and later moved on to a 17ft Pedro sailing cruiser. Later I discovered a marine-ply Silhouette bilge-keel sailboat for sale in Skippool Creek near Fleetwood on the River Wyre. I went to view the vessel and fell in love with her, as she had been beautifully built by the Ferry Master at Fleetwood. With a wealth of knowledge in crossing the mouth of the Wyre in all conditions, he had used his experience to build a strong and seaworthy craft.

In the early Spring of 1975 I decided to berth my new boat at the then Eric Sumner's boatyard, Lytham St. Annes, and although it was a drying mooring, it was against a well-sheltered quay.

I began to sail off the Fylde coast and familiarise myself with the very strong tides in the area.

On the 10th May 1975 I decided to sail up to the River Wyre at Fleetwood, utilising the flood tide, passing Blackpool en route. Before setting sail I contacted the Coastguard to inform him of my intentions and he advised me to leave on the early flood tide, which flows in a northerly direction. He also advised me that a northwesterly low weather front was due later that day, and to find a sheltered place in the River Wyre where I should wait until the following day when the front would have passed and it

would be safe to return to Lytham.

It's important to realise that in 1975 I had no radio, nor mobile phone (not invented then!) and no direction finder. Additionally I had a very young family and so a very limited budget.

My safety gear consisted of a fixed compass, a hand-held compass, life vests, four rocket flares, some common sense and a well-built boat.

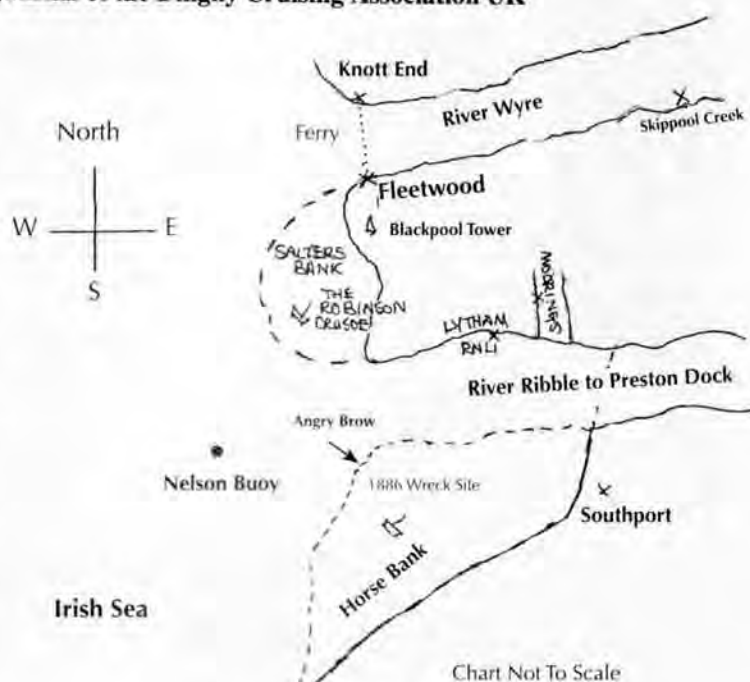
Before I tell my story, I will try to explain the potentially dangerous conditions which exist there, from my limited knowledge of the Ribble Estuary.

To the north of the Estuary lies Salter's (or Salts) Bank. To the south lie Angry Brow and Horse Bank. In fine weather these areas are well used by locals and holiday makers alike at low water.

Not unlike the beaches of Bray Dunes, (the scene of the evacuation of British troops at Dunkirk during the early part of the second World War), the sea remains shallow for maybe $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to 1 mile on these sands. In good weather when the sea was calm soldiers could wade out for a good distance at Dunkirk.

But on the Northwest coast of England strong tides and foul weather make this, the Ribble estuary, a very different proposition, especially in a northwesterly onshore wind accompanied by a powerful spring tide, in which conditions a vessel can be driven aground while still a great distance from the shore and strike the bottom repeatedly until the boat and crew succumb to the maelstrom. Many a sailor and lifeboatman has perished here, as history tells, and even today holidaymakers have to be rescued when cut off by the tide.

On the morning of the 10th May – on the advice of the coastguard – I waited until my Silhouette lifted off the mud, and on the early spring tide motor-sailed against the flooding tide out of the estuary towards Nelson Buoy: at this point I was now moving with the direction (north) of the tidal flow. Although breezy from the northwest, conditions were good and I was enjoying an exhilarating sail on the relatively short journey to the Wyre Estuary at Fleetwood. I knew I had plenty of time to beat low water and enter the River Wyre to



The Ribble & Wyre Estuaries

find a suitable anchorage or mooring for the night. Near high water I was north of Blackpool Tower and making good progress.

Then off my port bow I noticed a boat on the horizon. Through my binoculars I saw that it was dismasted, with the mast trailing in the water. It was then I realised they might require assistance, so I sailed over in that direction. The boat, of ply construction, was, I think, a Lysander or a very similar design, and bore the name *Robinson Crusoe*. I spotted immediately that the mast was wooden and had failed due to being extremely rotten at its base.

The skipper shouted that he and his 11 year-old son had been sailing when the mast failed, so they had started their ancient outboard, but it had kept cutting out. I agreed to take them in tow, but first they had to free the mast from their boat as it would be a hazard to both boats in the increasingly choppy water.

After what seemed like a lifetime the mast was freed and I threw him a line, but he refused it saying he would persevere with his old outboard.

Oh how time flies. While he was sorting out his mast I realised that we needed to get into the river because the ebb tide was flowing fast. Soon we would not have enough water to find shelter in the river. The low front had arrived and I guess it would have been about force 5 to 6, though in my little 17ft craft it felt more like force 8!

I shouted that I must tow him with my trusty Seagull Century outboard into the River Wyre before low water, but he insisted he would only enter the Ribble using his unreliable motor. After many pulls on the starter cord he managed to get it going, but only for a few minutes before it stopped.

In retrospect that was the time I should have fired off my flares (he didn't have any) to alert the RNLI, but in the heat of the moment, against my better judgement, I decided to accompany him south towards the Ribble estuary. Every few minutes his engine stopped and he would frantically pull the cord until it fired again, and all the time

the strong NW wind was blowing us onshore in a southerly direction.

The routine was he would start his motor, aim out to find deeper water, then the motor would stop and he would be blown back onshore again.

Knowing the hazards which lay ahead I stood off to the west of him watching this ridiculous procedure.

You, the reader, may ask why did I not fire off my flares at this time. I have asked myself this question many times over, but I can only put it down to lack of experience on my part.

Finally, after many futile attempts to motor into deeper water and failing every time, his old motor finally gave up altogether, just as dusk was approaching. Now the strong NW wind was blowing and the new flood spring tide was starting to run. With a failed engine he was now drifting towards Salters Bank, which was already covered with maybe 6ft of water for ½ mile or so, and the seas were breaking on the bank with a roar. It was too rough for me to come alongside and possibly cause damage to both boats, so I threw him a rope which I made fast to my stout towing bollard on the port quarter. *Robinson Crusoe's* skipper made fast the rope to the cleat on his foredeck and retreated to the cockpit. Then a giant wave came in and, to my horror, snapped the stout oak bollard in half, such was the power of the sea. In the next few moments the *Robinson Crusoe* touched the bottom of the bank, rose on the following wave and crashed down again in the trough. Fortunately, my Silhouette was still riding the waves as I was further out to sea.

In a futile attempt to save the stricken vessel I threw her another rope, attached to my starboard bollard. This time the bollard held but the rope parted, and in doing so took away the spark plug lead of my Seagull outboard. I was still flying my jib so was able to claw my way out to sea under sail. I looked back and saw the man and his son paralysed with fear staring over the cockpit roof facing almost certain death – a sight I will never forget.

The *Robinson Crusoe*, badly

maintained and rotten, began to break up as she hit the bottom in the troughs.

There remained only 3 options for me:

- 1 Send up my rocket flares to alert the RNLI
- 2 Stay with them and drown if my boat ran onto the bank
- 3 Every man for himself

I chose 1 and 3 and, though consumed with guilt, decided to claw my way off those killer sands. It was now dark and I was completely disorientated and wondering which course to take.

The question is which action would you or anyone take? 1, 2 or 3? Only the individual can answer that.

Suddenly, to my utter relief, the inshore lifeboat RIB was speeding towards me, apparently assuming I was the vessel in peril. I shouted to the coxswain, 'No, not me!' and pointed out to sea in the direction of the sinking *Robinson Crusoe*. And with that, the lifeboat roared off into the blackness of the night. After what seemed like an age he reappeared with the two survivors on board, which greatly eased my conscience.

The coxswain attempted to put a member of his crew on board with me, but (as he told me later) he considered it too risky in the turbulent conditions, and with that he shouted out to me the compass course to follow (I think it was 170 degrees) and to my horror sped off into the blackness again – now I was alone, frightened and angry to be left in an unsettled sea. To be honest I had sailed in much worse conditions, but I was tired and confused by the day's events.

However, I followed the much more experienced coxswain's instructions and within 15 minutes I found myself in deeper and less confused waters. I continued to follow the same course under full main and storm jib. After a while I sighted a cargo ship at anchor by the Nelson Buoy, waiting for sufficient depth to proceed upriver to Preston Dock. I came alongside in the lee of the ship – paradise! – not the name of the ship, just how I felt at the time!

The Ship's master hailed me and asked if I was OK and advised me to wait 20 minutes before entering the river with the flooding tide. Grateful for this advice I waited and was soon able to proceed upstream to my moorings, full of elation and gratitude to be alive—to return to my beloved wife and family again.

At that time (1975) in Lytham Creek there was a 60ft ferrocement ketch whose skipper, an American called Steve, a single-handed sailor, was engaged in a circumnavigation of the globe, and had already crossed the Pacific Ocean and was now on his final leg via the Atlantic to the Caribbean. He was moored at Eric Sumner's boatyard, helping with the construction of new stagings.

He and local sailing club members were aboard his ketch that night and had already heard of the Salters Bank drama. I was invited aboard to tell the story and stay the night as my little boat's cabin was part submerged with bunk cushions floating about; the breaking waves had found their way through the closed fore and main hatches – again, such is the power of the sea.

I can't recall many of the details aboard Steve's boat, apart from reliving the recent drama to a fascinated audience while consuming brandy (not normally

and breakfast while I recovered; a genuine sailor – the best!

I thanked Steve then I walked to the RNLI station to ask about the two survivors of the rescue and to ask why they didn't also accompany me back to the Nelson Buoy. They replied that the skipper of the *Robinson Crusoe* and in particular his young son were suffering shock and hypothermia, requiring treatment at Blackpool Hospital, and in fact they were still in the hospital. I asked why they didn't return for me. Their reply was, 'You were doing OK' – not at all what I felt at the time!

Then I made a visit to the hospital to see how the Robinsons, father and son, were doing after their nightmare ordeal, and to exchange insurance details for damages to the boat, or at least mine, since I didn't know whether or not theirs was recoverable, but mine had suffered considerable damage and there was also the use of my 4 flares which definitely saved their lives and would need to be replaced.

I'm afraid to say I was greeted with a very cool and negative response. Both were ready to be signed off as they had returned to good health. When I approached the matter of insurance details I regret to say that the man had no insurance, was out of work and had no money

(no surprises there then!)

'In any case,' he said, 'you abandoned us.'

What stupidity, to be out on the open seas with absolutely no safety equipment whatsoever. Happily, there were others around to rescue them, though there should never have been any need. It was irresponsible to put a child through such fear and others into danger. In my opinion the skipper was as rotten as his boat.

Analysis:

1. I must confess that I made mistakes, but one cannot practise for such events, as it is rare to come across so many adverse situations all at once.

2. I did my best to effect a rescue with limited means in worsening conditions and imminent nightfall, but to no avail, and that only served to put me into a second difficult situation.

3. I can only recommend that those who get into difficulty, or who see others in difficulty, should always call the rescue services sooner rather than later, so that the experienced professional can assess the situation and take the necessary action.

4. If in doubt call the rescue services anyway. BL

my tippie!) which went down my throat, as a French sailor once said to me, 'Like Jesus in velvet trousers!' Apparently half-way through my story I suddenly keeled over into a deep, contented sleep.

On awaking the following day, still in Steve's boat. I felt that I had done 10 rounds with Mohammed Ali. Steve was a fine host, making coffee.



Looking up the Ribble Estuary in the direction of Preston: a vast and lethal area in poor conditions

Small Craft Advisor

I received my latest issue of SCA today, gratis of a friend. I was telling my wife tonight, date night at Dairy Queen for an ice cream, of an article I noticed with a big caption, "The wind died completely and I had to turn on the motor." I said to Linda I felt like writing under it, "I had to paddle," such is life for the stubborn. Why stubborn? We small boat sailors sure as heck don't pull our craft to the ramps across America behind bicycles. Stubborn fits.

We laughed, stopped for a bit to admire the shrimpers all backed into the sea wall. I realized then or shortly after that I really let myself down. In my opinion anyway, let down because I read the best first, I should have saved the reading of Howard Rice's descriptive journal, of his accomplishments in his beautiful Scamp, until last. Yes, it was that good.

My small forays here on the Texas coast pale in comparison. I know a drowned man in Texas is just as drowned as one done in off the tip of South America. I borrowed that idea from Charles Stock, may he rest in peace. Howard about sold the farm down there, or is it bought? But he didn't, and he's still with us, praise the Lord.

For us in our armchairs there's the Sabine River spoken of as well in the issue, and then there's the fellow and his wife Pearl who together did up a Cape Dory 25' and took off for the South Pacific, and for all of us hopefuls and wannabees, Pearl's man has a grey beard. There's still hope.

I Did a Little Work Today

I did a little work today on the new build, the NED, nesting expedition dinghy. Folks come by, they all express the same concern, "High sided, ain't she?" She is, she'll blow over, too much windage. Time has already told. The designer has already built and sailed the prototype, and dumped her as well. So time has told. He left out the designed ballast. Hopefully, I won't.

And hopefully I won't pull my usual antics and start changing things. But, too late, I've already have. So, time will tell, only this one falls in my lap, not the designers. I raised the floor 1 1/8". Not much, most would say. All that space designated to ballast water I did not like. Some lead will fit, the 1 1/8" also allows for canned goods, drinking water, and other heavier gear down low, more weight than the called for specs.

Please forgive me, Mr Harris, I'm only personalizing the girl. Matt Leyden hasn't offered his smaller designs to us for reasons I understand in this day and age, otherwise I would build his. I'm not good enough to do it

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas Rockport the Texas Riviera "Come Sea the Beauty and Charm of Rockport"

By Michael Beebe

myself, but I am foolish enough to mess with another's designs. Not the lines, not the lines, just the touches.

This began 40 years ago with my first surfboard reshaped from a long board. It was ugly. The fin hummed. And it was fun, the waves didn't care if the rails were bumpy, not symmetrical, the resin ran a bit, the waves didn't care if my compadres laughed at it. I learned, I learned 40 years ago, 20' paint jobs won't keep you on the beach or in the harbors, listening to naysayers will.

My carpentry skills got me an offer of a signed photo of a sitting president, my mind leans toward Willie Nelson's knowing when to fold em. I'd just as soon go sailing, not be worrying about scratching the finish. Knowing I can, allows me to turn down the hearing aid. My uncle gave me some simple advice right before getting married, said he, "Mike, it don't matter what color the house is painted" I have to agree.

All to Myself

A friend's Wharram Catamaran was sitting on its trailer in the Cove Harbor south parking lot and having my nifty new free phone with me, I decided to get a picture. At 42' his cat overpowers my little 12' *Red Top*. But au contraire, *Red Top* sees far more days out and about. I find the old saw to be true.

I do at time pine for a stand up cabin swinging on the hook. I console myself mentally thinking, once the sails are raised and the dock is behind, with hand steering, I'd be sitting much in the same spot on both boats, at the helm. I recently read *Black Feathers*, a book about a fellow taking his Cal 20 in the West Coast to Hawaii race. He sat pretty much in the same place as well. His spot was inside the cabin, he had a wind vane. Interesting story, and I've pined for that adventure as well. Never happened, no regrets. At my age, mere days now from 70, pushing a 12-footer off the shoals is much easier than either of the other two. And really, that's fine by me.

Living here in Rockport by the water's edge, by not on, I see many a day of an empty bay, no sailboats. Oh, there are fishermen aplenty, very few sailors. I like that as well.

Growing up in California surfing we sometimes could say, "we had it all to ourselves."

Here, I still do, quite often. There were days sailing in California like that as well. If you own a big boat, most likely there's a job that goes with it. I remember the Sunday crowds in the channel leading into or out of Marina Del Rey just packed. But come Monday, I had it all to my self.

I started out this missive with the intentions of a different sort, another direction. I'll save that for tomorrow.

Sailing Last Sunday

Last Sunday I had the cell with me so took a few. Still learning, and with that knowledge came new thoughts and its own share of small problems to overcome. I've found better pointing ability sitting just 18" forward of the E-Z chair type set up I've enjoyed for the past so many years. Now I'm trying to come up with an idea for the redesign of the visibility aspect.



Last summer I almost T-boned an anchored fisherman. Confession is good for the soul, it frees a person up for the next time apologies are in order. I added two small forward ports in the cabin bulkhead. Then causing problems with a couple of shrimpers on the ICW, one coming from ahead, one from behind, induced the change to bigger ports forward.

Now the complications of a new helm position creates visibility problems as well, or perhaps just enhances them. Years and years ago while beginning the build of a Searunner Trimaran, an earlier builder who sails his 25' over to Hawaii where I'd had the opportunity to both meet him and sail with him inter island on a friend's Piver said, "I tend to deemphasize the negative and accentuate the positive." Took me years to figure out what he meant. But now I get it, some 40 years later, turn down the hearing aids.

Always open for ideas, unless of course I'm not. Time will tell just what comes of all this. Time will tell because a monkey wrench was thrown into the spokes just yesterday. My plan was to finish the NED, then start the remodel on the *Red Top*, the 12' Lehman. The monkey wrench came when I was offered to buy back my second Paradox I sold to Bobby up in Oklahoma. I'd been toying with a third build. I just can't come up with as capable a little cruiser as the Paradox.

She may not be as fast as the Fox I had, not as easy to drag off the beach as the *Red Top*, but with her I can confidently venture out when it's howling. Steady as a rock in gusts to 45, I'd like to do more of that.



There's a little known outfit working out of Bunganuc Creek, a creek north of Waterproof Louisiana. It's The River Supply Company, a small service about a quarter mile up Bunganuc Creek which allows ready access to larger bodies of water, but remains protected from excessive wind and currents. RSC consists of a pier and dock arrangement with a fuel pump, bait shop, beer, general local merchandise, and a constant stream of gossip. Local river people stop in there regularly in their skiffs and jon boats just the same as folks on the road stop in to their "Mom and Pop" stores on the highway.

If it were up to the store to provide a living for the ones who work there they would have gone under years ago. The main income is from the modest towboat *Nonesuch*, the fuel lighter, and *Asset #1*, the snag barge. Sometimes line boats will call in an order for groceries and let RSC know a couple of guys will show up for a crew change. In the mean time someone from RSC will go up town on the day the line boat is due and buy the items requested on the grocery list and have them ready at the office.

When the through boat is ten or 15 miles away they'll call RSC and all of the food, parts, and equipment will be loaded aboard *Nonesuch* and she'll get underway to intercept the big boat in the main stream. *Nonesuch* will run up or downstream four or five miles depending on which way the line boat is going and tie up alongside and hitch a ride back towards home while the supplies and crew are transferred. Unless

Down on Bunganuc Creek

By Tim Mayer

it's fuel or heavy equipment being transferred the through boat seldom slows and after the transfer of groceries, crew and material, *Nonesuch* breaks away and heads home while the line boat continues on. To visualize this, imagine an 18-wheeler going down the highway and a local pickup truck joins the big truck for a few miles fueling, changing drivers, and providing what's needed to keep it moving without ever stopping.

Another service provided by RSC is pulling snags from the river. "Hull Inspectors" (also known as snags) are trees that have fallen into the river when a section of riverbank has col-

lapsed due to high water or current erosion. These trees lose their leaves and branches pretty quickly, but often their roots get stuck on the riverbed and the trunks semi float often just below the surface. They will usually face downstream and when a tow of barges is bound upstream, these snags act like spears "testing" the integrity of a lead barge's hull. These snags are a serious hazard to navigation. Should one pierce a barge, towboat, or more likely get jammed in a wheel or rudder the damage could be extensive. When one is reported in RSC's area *Nonesuch* and *Asset #1* are often requested to haul it out or at least drag it out of harm's way.



Asset #1 (snag barge) leaving RSC on a run.

A few of the local denizens.



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



The Challenge

By Dick Mitchell

I first met Charlie Hill, a resident, photographer and historian of Sunapee, New Hampshire, about twenty years ago, and it was through his efforts in 1968 that my steam launch "River Queen" was moved from Hinsdale to Lake Sunapee, a distance of about sixty miles, to help celebrate the bicentennial of that town. Many wonderful events took place during the three weeks that I was up there with the boat, but certainly one of the most exciting took place the last day that we were up there.

Charlie suggested that he and his two grandsons and I take a cruise all around the lake and spend all day. This suited me just fine, so we loaded the steamer full of wood and started out. On the return trip up the lake from Newbury Charlie asked me if I had ever heard of the old boat in the shed on the deserted property on Great Island. Since this was news to me, we decided to have a look, so we tied up to an old stone pier and walked ashore. The old house up on the bluff had not been used for many years and was in very poor condition. We looked in the windows and there in all its past glory was the furniture, with the plaster falling from the ceilings and walls. The large porch that went around three sides of the house was beginning to tumble

down.

Down by the lake in the woods, and only five feet or so from the water, was a tin roof shed. The only door was a narrow one on the front corner away from the lake. The door had been broken open so we went in. It was quite dark in there but enough light filtered through the cracks so that we could see after a while. Here was a lovely fan tail launch about thirty feet long with a canopy top and three curved glass windows around the front. It had a four cylinder Buffalo gas engine that was started by a long lever which engaged a dog on the hub of the heavy flywheel. The decks and all the woodwork were of oak, and varnished. The foredeck contained a high but pretty chock rail and the aft deck had a taffrail. There was much lumber stacked beside the boat, and although the squirrels and chipmunks had made their homes here for many years, the boat appeared to be in perfect condition.

The back of the shed facing the lake had no big door but was all boarded up, and there was no evidence that a boat had ever been hauled there. There was no marine railway, no heavy timbers, no ramp of rocks or concrete, just nothing. The boat had been in this shed for so many years that it was only the very oldest natives who even remembered it.

That beautiful old boat bugged me and I never could get it out of my mind. Why was the boat hauled ashore and nailed into that shed? Why was the lovely old house deserted? Who owned this property anyway?

Over the years a few facts did come to light but things were sketchy at best. I was told that the house had been built by a Mr. Breen, a Lawrence, Massachusetts undertaker, and apparently he was the man who bought the boat. The Aiken family of Claremont, New Hampshire, were the present owners and I believe Mrs. Evon Aiken is a daughter of Mr. Breen. The Aiken family at one time was prosperous and influential in business, but for some reason that I do not know, the family had fallen onto hard times and their property had gone downhill.

During the summer of 1977 I stopped in to see Leon Gould at Burkhaven. Leon had a small boatyard and had been in business there since 1923. His wife had been born there and was then nearly 75, and she could just remember the "Nancy Jane" being used. Leon never had seen the boat on the water.

I expressed an interest to Leon in going out to the island and try to photograph the old boat. He told me that Jimmy Aiken was living out there with his girl friend and working nights in Newport, coming in each day and driving off to work. He cautioned me that Jimmy was a rather difficult person and he doubted that he would let me go out there. He did agree to ask him for me when he again saw him, and he told me that when I was up again to stop in and he would let me know.

It was in the fall of 1977 that I did return to Burkhaven and had another talk with Leon. He said that Jimmy was very nasty and said he wanted no S.O.B. out there under any conditions. The following May I was up to the lake again with a friend and I stopped in to see Leon again and told him then that I would never attempt to go out there as long as the family felt as they did. He told me there was another Aiken boy by the name of Herrick who worked at a marina in Newport and that Herrick was a nice guy and he thought it would be okay with Herrick if I went. Anyway, Leon said, "Now is the time to go, there is no one on the island this early in the season and only a few fishermen on the lake. So my friend and I rented an outboard from Leon and loaded my camera and flashlight aboard and made the short mile and a half trip out to the island.

Of course, you understand I had no right to be there, and as a result of this I was pretty nervous when I stepped out of the boat onto the old stone dock. It was running through my mind at that time how Charlie and I got caught out there in 1968 by some young man who had seen us go ashore from a nearby island. He was also a

About the Author

Dick Mitchell, who died in September, 1990 at age 72, was the recreational steam boater's guru, who wrote "The Steam Launch" in the early '80's, the comprehensive bible for that way of messing about in small boats. Dick was a boating writer for years for nautical publications also, his magnum opus did not spring forth from out of nowhere. His friend Jon Knickerbocker sent us this tale of the rescue of an old in-board launch from an abandoned New Hampshire lakeshore "cottage" after Dick had passed on, with a note that said it had been okay with Dick if we ran it.

family member, but when he found out who Charlie was he told us to make ourselves at home, but he did want us to come over to his island and show his folks the steamer, which we did, and we ended up giving them all a ride in it.

On this visit the little door at the front had been nailed shut with cleats across it, but someone had pulled a board off the side so we could look in but could not get in. I went around the back and saw that the sill was about 18 inches off the ground, but a huge rock stuck up out of the ground. I worked on this rock for a long time and finally got it loose and rolled it into the lake, and then skinned under the wall and was inside. My friend Tommy passed me the camera and I photographed the boat as best I could, which was good enough on the interior but nearly impossible for the outside as the shed walls were real close to the hull.

After we returned to Burkhaven, I drove down to Newport and met Herrick Aiken. I did not tell him that we had been on the island but I did ask him permission to go sometime and he said it was okay with him as long as I came and asked him. I asked him if the boat was for sale and he said that it could be bought and that he was trying to interest someone at Lake Winnepesaukee.

I had told my friend Louie Francisco about the boat many years before and he was interested in it. So with renewed interest I called Louie and suggested that he come over for a look. I met up with Louie at the harbor in Sunapee and we rented a boat from Leon and went out to Great Island. We spent a lot of time checking out the boat in the shed and had a nice picnic on the shore. We looked the house all over and on the porch which had not yet fallen in we found a wineglass transom lapstrake rowing boat about 16 feet long in perfect condition, that we later learned belonged to Jimmy. Louie made an offer, which at the time I thought was fair in view of the fact that it would cost a lot to get it off the island and trucked to Squam Lake, but the offer was rejected by the Aiken family. We had been told that there were others who were interested but no one seemed to be able to close a deal. There were of course many people around the lake who knew of the property and also the boats that were there and I suspect that many of them had been ashore on Great Island.

Again the trail got cold and things quieted down and everyone went on about their daily business until I just happened to mention something about that lovely old boat to a friend and he in turn mentioned it to Jon Knickerbocker, who lives about 12 miles from my home and is a good friend of mine. One day that winter when I was up to visit with Jon he asked me about this boat story and I told him of Louie's interest, but if Louie felt he wanted to bug out I would tell him anything that he wanted to know. So I called Louie and he said he felt he had offered all he could and said we could pursue it as far as he was concerned.

Jon made some phone calls to the Aiken family but there seemed to be a lot of differences of opinion between Mrs. Aiken, Jimmy, Herrick and an uncle as to the value of the boat, and one day Jon got one story and the next day a different story. Jon, his father Jerry, brother Scott and friend Mike Lane went to Sunapee and walked across the ice to see the boat and eventually Jon called me to tell me that his father had bought the boat.

In March of 1979, Jon, Jerry and I drove to Claremont to close the deal with Herrick Aiken. We found him on his job at the farm machinery place of R.N. Johnson. A check was passed and I witnessed the bill of sale and we then drove to



Opposite page: Mike's waders fill up with water as we work the just launched launch around to the dock. Above: The boarded up boathouse within which "Nancy Jane" was hidden away for years. Below: Inside the old boathouse, the view from the pilot station.

the house in Claremont where Herrick and Jimmy lived. Here I met Jimmy for the first time. Jon made a deal with Jimmy for the wineglass transom rowboat on the porch at Great Island and we picked up the red velour cushions for the steamboat as well as flag poles, etc. We told them we were going to walk out on the ice that afternoon and they told us to go into the house, and just where we would find all the fittings that belonged to both the rowboat and the "Nancy Jane". One of the mariners wheels was on the boat but the other one was slid under an old davenport that was only two inches off the floor. We found the anchor and big brass carbide light in the attic, along with other things, but we never did find the running lights. This was the first time I had been in the house.

The ice was starting to melt along the shoreline and, although the day was overcast, there was a bitter north wind. When we went out there was about an inch of slush on the ice but on the return trip the slush was about three inches deep. We brought all the things from the house that applied to the "Nancy Jane" and the rowboat that we could find. We slid the rowboat down the bank on the snow and loaded in about 100 pounds of stuff. I was sorry for Jon and his father in the respect that I am unable to do hard work so dragging the boat with that load through the slush for a mile and a half fell on the two of them, and it was not only very difficult but almost impossible. No more than 100 feet could be accomplished at one time before a rest was needed. It was nearly dark before we had the boat on top of the car and started for home.

We might have been the last persons to walk on the ice that winter and we knew that the big boat was safe at least until all the ice was melted as no one could get out there. We all felt that it would be best not to discuss this purchase or tell anyone when we would be going after the "Nancy Jane".

Saturday, May 5, 1979, was the date that the Knickerbockers had set as the big day and five of us would be making the trip. These would be Jerry and Jon Knickerbocker, Mike Lane and his father Fran, and myself as photographer. We left Friday night with three vehicles, two trailers with boats including a Boston Whaler, which Jon said was the pickup truck of the water, and he sure was right as we had crowbars, four jacks,



two come alongs, a toolbox of carpenter tools, a toolbox of mechanic tools, ropes and chain saw, as well as sleeping bags and food and ice chests and a cook stove, and a 75 pound pump.

I got a room at a motel, but the others went out to the island that night. The two young men slept on the porch in sleeping bags while the two fathers found rooms upstairs and spread out their sleeping bags on some old beds. They told me to be on the dock at the harbor at daylight, which was 5:30 that time of the year. Saturday dawned gray and windy but at daylight Mike came for me in one of the boats. We all had breakfast together around the big dining room table with bacon, eggs and coffee. Before they had gone to bed the night before they had removed all the boards from the back of the shed so the fan tail was exposed to view. Work began right after breakfast and there was to be no stopping until the job was done. Jon had engaged a low bed trailer and Miller Construction Company's big crane from Windsor, Vermont, to be on hand at the harbor at noon.

There had been, fortunately for us, many planks stored in this shed and they were in

excellent condition. But there were no beams. We had to spike some planks together to make beams and we cut up the old flagpole and some small hemlocks with the chainsaw to make rollers. The cradle had only one bunk on it in the middle and this was a little shaky. I have worked hard at times in my young life and I have seen plenty of other men work hard, but I never saw four men work any harder and faster than these did that day on Great Island. Every hour that equipment sat on the dock waiting for us was probably costing a hundred bucks.

They had to jack up the cradle and slide planks and rollers under it to roll it out on the fabricated beams. When everything was all set very large ropes were secured around massive rocks on the shore and a come along was attached to them and a long sling around the bow of the boat. With the come alongs at work, one on each side, the boat could be inched backwards ever so slowly. After all the cable was wound in a new purchase had to be made. In the meantime the wind had come up very strong and the waves were about two feet high coming right onto the shore from the north, and it was bitter cold.

Eventually the boat was moved back out of the building until it was at the pivot point where the bow would raise and the stern drop and it would roll into the lake. It was a big moment when this happened, but the bow remained hung up on the shore. It was necessary to rig up the gasoline pump on the stern deck to keep the water out that was starting to leak in through the seams. Finally we rigged some planks and slid the bow sideways until she was afloat and dancing on the waves.

Jon and Mike had put on their waders in anticipation of keeping the boat off the rocks, but Mike did not anticipate the depth of the water and it went in over the tops of his waders and filled him right up from the toes to the armpits and the poor guy shook with cold for the next two hours. The two of them were able to work the boat around to the old dock and got a line aboard from one of the outboards, and the three mile tow started for the harbor.

Jon went ahead in the Whaler to tell the crew that we were on the way, Mike and I rode in the "Nancy Jane" to keep the pump in operation, and Fran and Jerry towed us with the other outboard. It was slow going as we were right into the wind, and to make matters worse, the discharge from the pump was being blown by the wind right onto the carburetor and spark plug, so Mike had to shift the pump around to the other side of the deck to keep it from sputtering and shorting out. Had that happened, it is doubtful that we could have kept up with the leaks and we might have lost the boat before we got to the dock. But we knew that if we could keep it running, it would more than make up for the water leaking into the bilge.

It was a real pleasure to ride in the boat even though it was being towed by a snarling outboard. It frolicked on the waves and sliced them nicely as we rounded the point and came into the harbor. It was just 12:15 we slid under the hull and lifted it like a toy onto the lowbed. A few of the natives had seen the crane come into town and had come over to see what was happening, so we had a little audience, but for the most part, nobody knew what was happening. Of course, there were all kinds of comments when they saw us coming in. Some natives never knew the boat was out there, some had tried to buy it and never could. But in spite of all the comments there was one thing for sure, and everyone agreed, it was a beauty.

Jon rode with the truck driver to Spofford



Above from the top: The bow gets hung up on the banking, we slid her sideways into the water. Lifted in the slings for loading onto the trailer, the successful conclusion to the rescue. The crew, from left: Francis Cane, Mike Cane, Gerry Knickerbocker, Dick Mitchell, Jon Knickerbocker.

Lake to unload while the rest of us returned to the island for lunch and to pick up all of our equipment. We were all tired, exhausted would be a better word. It was a case of knowing what had to be done and how much time we had in which to do it. For the most part, though, it was just application of bull strength. It was a challenge we'll all remember.

POSTSCRIPT

The Aiken family are direct descendants of

Mr. Walter Aiken, one of the designers and builders of the Mt. Washington Cog Railway. I was told that he was the original purchaser of the boat, but there is no proof of this in the form of paperwork, a bill of sale, registrations, etc.

The boat has since been sold to Mr. Vincent Callahan of The Weirs on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. It has been restored and has had a new engine installed. Vinny runs the boat on the big lake for his own enjoyment.

Jon Knickerbocker

Two years ago, my son and daughter chartered a sailboat on the Greek Island of Kos. They were going with all the grandchildren, late teenagers who had never spent time on a sailboat, or spent a night on a boat. I sent these grandchildren letters giving them an introduction to what they were going to experience, along with a small book on sailing/knots/navigation as well as a hardboard cut-out of a cleat and a length of line to practice mooring and basic seaman's knots. Included in this letter was the following tidbit:

"German sailors believe in the Klabautermann. He is responsible for all sorts of pranks as well as for the safety of your voyage. Prior to setting sail we always gave the Klabautermann a shot of schnapps as an offering to insure a safe journey."

A reference to the Klabautermann stealing a beer from me in the Adriatic was well known to Hildegard and Gerhard, our children, because they were there and had witnessed the event.

What happened was this: We were on our 29' Tripp-Lentsch heading from Rovinj to Pula on the Istrian coast. We were under power since, as usual in the Adriatic in summer, there was no wind. Halfway there, since it was in the mid 90s, we decided to go for a swim. I turned off the Atomic 4, we coasted to a stop, and before we jumped overboard in the deep blue highly transparent Adriatic water, I thought, a cool beer later would be very welcome.

There was no other boat within several miles of us. We were all alone on the Adriatic. I got out a six pack of beer from the cool bilge, put them in a mesh bag, tied the neck closed and lowered it about 150' to where the water hopefully was going to be a little cooler.

An Encounter with a Klabautermann

By Connie Benneck

We jumped overboard, splashed around, scrubbed the boot top from bow to stern and finally climbed back onboard again. After drying off, I thought, ah, and now for a nice cool beer. I hauled my mesh bag back onboard, untied the knot at the top of the bag and reached in for a beer. Then I stopped and started counting. I had taken six beer bottles out of a six pack carrier and had placed them in the mesh bag. Now, I counted only five bottle there instead of six. We hadn't touched the bag since lowering it to the end of the line into the Adriatic.

There was absolutely nothing, no other vessel of any kind, within a mile or more of us, so, where did the beer bottle go? The only valid sailor's answer was that the Klabautermann needed a beer, too. This experience really made believers of us that the Klabautermann really exists.

Klabautermann From Wikipedia

A Klabautermann is a water kobold that assists sailors and fishermen on the Baltic and North Seas in their duties. It is a merry and diligent creature, with an expert understanding of most watercraft, and an irrepressible musical talent. It is believed to rescue sailors washed overboard. The name comes from the Low German verb "klabastern" meaning "rumble" or "make a noise."

His image is of a small sailor in yellow with a tobacco pipe and woolen sailor's cap, often carrying a caulking hammer. This like-

ness is carved and attached to the mast as a symbol of good luck. Despite the positive attributes, there is one omen associated with his presence, no member of a ship blessed by his presence shall ever set eyes on him. He only ever becomes visible to the crew of a doomed ship.

More recently, the Klabautermann is sometimes described as having more sinister attributes, and blamed for things that go wrong on the ship. This incarnation of the Klabautermann is more demon like or goblin like, prone to play pranks and, eventually, doom the ship and her crew. This deterioration of image probably stems from sailors, upon returning home, telling stories of their adventures at sea. Since life at sea can be rather dull, all creatures, real, mythical and in between eventually became the centre of rather ghastly stories.



Rugged. Beautiful.



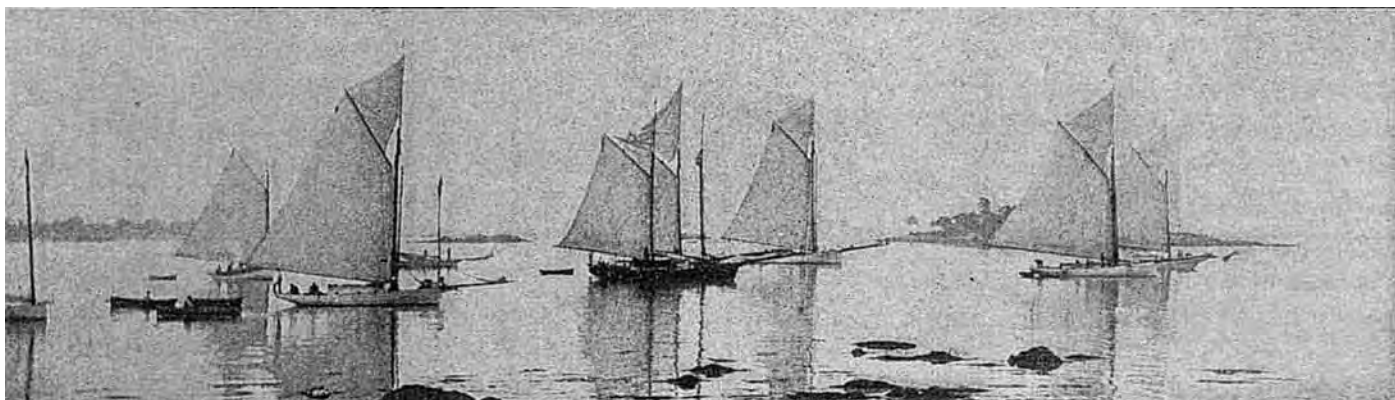
Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free 207 Special Clear Hardener™ gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



WEST SYSTEM®

866-937-8797

www.westsystem.com



Each advancing year makes more apparent the universality of taste for aquatic sports among the American people. Yachting has ever been a growing pastime by the waters of the North Atlantic coast. We now find white sails in the least expected places: yachts and yachters where but a few years ago the only sailors were the timid wild duck and the solemn mudhen; boats upon waters that have scarcely ceased to ripple from the agitation of their first invasion by a launched vessel; butterfly canoes scudding over rivers that not a decade since knew no alien thing save the Indian's dugout; lakes, upon which float shapely vessels of pattern so modern that they almost seem uncouth in their intrusion upon Nature's primeval landscape; sloops, and cutters, schooners and catboats, every kind of sailing craft in short, that can be made to cater to the yachter's insatiate desire for sport.

In yachting the United States takes first rank; her yachts and yachters outnumber and outsail those of all other countries. Few among the "landlubbers" of the country, and not many yachters, realize the magnitude of this national pastime. The Queen Cup races gave the sport a publicity which it never had before, but even these events did not bring to general public notice an adequate conception of the extent of this interest.

It is safe to estimate that there is at least one yacht to every 10,000 people in the land, and that an average yacht will carry at least 10 persons. This means that there are at least 6,000 yacht owners in the country and that 60,000 people may participate in pleasure sailing: a large number, surely, to be devoted to a sport which is necessarily confined to localities near the water, and which is an expensive pastime. The public hears much of vessels of the *Volunteer* and *Grayling* types, champions of the "big boat" classes, but the real yachters of the land are the owners of small boats; in fact, the big boat owner generally keeps a small yacht in which to enjoy himself when he feels like being master of his own craft. A few statistics will render this quite plain.

Figures that are somewhat incomplete show that there are over 200 organized yacht clubs in the United States, which enroll nearly 4,000 yachts. Of these, less than 1/13th are steam vessels launches etc., and not sailing boats at all. 1/11th are classed as large yachts, including many steam and sail vessels, big schooners and sloops, all of more than 40' waterline measurement. That is to say, of 4,000 recorded yachts, 5/6th are sailing vessels under 40'. This shows conclusively that the majority of American yachts are small boats that are managed by their owners. It is safe to assert that there are at least 2,000 small yachts which are not entered in clubs,

Coast and Inland Yachting

By Frederic W. Pangborn
Reprinted from
The Century Magazine May 1892
Contributed by Dick Winslow

and of which no exact record can be given.

The 200 clubs report a membership of over 7,000 men, 4,000 of whom are yacht owners. Leaving out 1/6th of them as owners of large and very costly vessels ranging in value from \$5,000 to perhaps \$500,000 each, and assuming the average cost of the small yachts to be about \$1,000, which is a low figure, one finds that 5/6th of these 4,000 yachts represent an invested capital of over \$3,300,000: a large sum when it is remembered that yachts never pay back anything in profit to their buyers, and that, like horses and carriages, they eat up a good deal of money all the time. The average dues etc. of a yacht club are about \$25 a year, not counting extras. This, paid in by 7,000 members of clubs, shows a revenue of \$175,000 per annum, which really represents no part of the great cost of yachting, for every yacht owner has to pay his own expenses, and the club dues are spent on shore. At a very low estimate the owner of a small yacht will spend \$50 a month during the season of about 5 months. This means that the small yacht sailors of the country spend at least \$800,000 in a season. How much their yachting costs the owners of the big boats it would be impossible to state; the sum is enormous.

A glance at the distribution of the yacht clubs of the country will not be uninteresting, even to old and well informed yachting men, and will prove beyond question that American yachting, like American education and American politics, is not the especial prerogative of any part of the country. A map of the United States will show that in certain regions there are lakes, many of which are not little ponds, such as charm the eye of the tourist in foreign lands, but large bodies of water admirably adapted for the sailing of yachts; and investigation proves that the yachts are there.

Passing for the present those freshwater seas known as the Great Lakes, and directing attention to smaller and less generally known fresh waters, we find a lively interest in sailing in Minneapolis, whose people support a flourishing club of 200 members. Their 50 boats, some of them of the best Eastern design, ply from the clubhouse on Lake Minnetonka, which has an irregular shoreline nearly 100 miles in the circuit. There is

yachting also on the White Bear Lake near St. Paul, although no club exists there. In Wisconsin, in addition to the yachting interests on the borders of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, there is a club at Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago; another at Oconomowoc, on La Belle Lake; and a third at Tomahawk Lake. These yacht clubs of two states are represented by an average of 40 boats each, which is as good a showing as some of the oldest clubs of New York harbor can make.



Upon the lakes which form the central New York group there are yachts innumerable, and of every type known to the boat sailor. The yacht lovers of that region maintain three large and well equipped clubs, whose members sail those often perilous waters; for lake sailing is no boys' play, and one who would handle a yacht in treacherous inland waters must be a good sailor indeed, or his sailing time may be short. Lake George, because of its treacherous wind, was until recently considered unfit for sailing, and twenty years ago a sailboat was rarely seen upon its waters. The trouble was that the only sailboat known there was that most dangerous compound of two very different ideas, the rowboat with a sail. But proper principles in building have made it possible for the yachter to use the waters of this mountain bordered lake, and a successful club has been established.

Lake Champlain is one of the most delightful yachting grounds anywhere away from the sea. At Burlington on the Vermont shore, there is a large and ambitious yacht club. Many of the earlier Champlain yachts were vessels bought in New York harbor, and thence towed up the Hudson River, and through the canal to the lake. In the once desert wastes of Utah is a remarkable body of water, the Great Salt Lake, upon which a few sloops and catboats, as well as steamers and rowboats, are to be seen,

The lake is about 75 miles long, has many islands, and is a good sailing ground, except that the yachter must be wary of spray from the bow, since the water is so strongly charged with chemicals that a drop of it in the human eye will cause pain and inflammation.

Upon the 5 great lakes which form the chain of waterways from Duluth, Minnesota, to Kingston, Canada, floats a yachting fleet which is equal in all points of excellence to any in the world. These tempestuous freshwater seas are of uncertain temper, like the North Atlantic, and none but doughty seamen may go upon them in safety. Cleveland and Detroit, Milwaukee and Erie, each has its well established club. Rochester has one, and Toledo and Kingston have two each, while the great clubs of Chicago and Buffalo are as well known in the yachting world as are many of the most popular clubs of New York and Boston. And besides, many yachts are to be found on the waters of Green Bay, the Georgian Bay of Canada, and some of the smaller bays and river mouths along the coast of the lakes.

On the American side of the Great Lakes every kind of craft may be found, many of them built from designs by eminent yacht architects. The sailor of the Great Lakes has little chance for his life in a storm if his boat be poor, since harbors of shelter are few and far apart, the winds violent, and the waters rough. The Canadian yachters of the Great Lakes use powerful boats, cruise far, and face bad weather bravely. Their favorite yacht is that of their home country, the cutter, although one will find other types in their fleets. They have two clubs at Kingston, three at Toronto, and one at Hamilton. At Montreal and Quebec there are clubs whose boats cruise the St. Lawrence. There are also two seacoast Canadian clubs, one at Chatham, New Brunswick, and the other at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The members of these latter clubs use only stanch sea boats, for the coast off which they cruise is a perilous one for all vessels. The yachters of the Canadian seacoast are no fair weather sailors, but boatmen of the ablest sort.

Formerly the South took little interest in yachting. In recent years, however, this sport has taken a strong hold upon the people of that region, and today the coast waters from the Carolina line to Galveston, Texas, are well supplied with sailing pleasure boats. Most of the Southern yachts are of light draft, for the waters of the South are shallow; and the number of flat bottomed and very shoal round modeled yachts far exceeds all other types.

On the inlets of Florida and along the Gulf of Mexico the craft of the pleasure seeker may be seen all the year round, for there is no beginning or end to the Southern yachting season. Though yacht clubs are not numerous in the South, North Carolina has two, South Carolina one, Maryland two, Louisiana one, Alabama one, Georgia one, and Florida maintains three. There is also a club in prospective at Galveston, Texas. Some of these Southern clubs are strong in membership; the New Orleans club, whose yachts sail upon Lake Pontchartrain, is notable for the number and standing of its members.

The yachts chiefly used in Southern waters are, as has been stated, light draft vessels of the generally accepted types which have been developed in the North. Sloops and cat rigged boats are in the majority; but schooner rigged sharpies are popular with those who like yachts of good size, and the

builders of vessels of this type find a ready market for their boats in the South. The only type of yacht which is of Southern origin is the buckeye, or, as it is sometimes called, "bugeye", a vessel which tradition says as first conceived by the dugout builders of the Dismal Swamp, and which will be described more fully later on.

Some Americans belong to the Havana Yacht Club, an organization of several years' standing, whose members cruise among the West Indies, a most seductive sailing ground. Among the yachts of this club are many boats which were built in New York, Philadelphia, and New England, and have made the voyage to Cuba, never to return; for well built yachts, it is said, find a ready sale at Havana and in other parts of the West Indies.

At Bermuda there is no club, but yachtsmen are numerous. Schooners and cutter rigged craft prevail, the keel type of boat being the favorite. Small, light draft boats are also in use there for pleasure sailing. Many of them are built in New York and shipped by steamer to Bermuda and the West Indies. Among these is a style of narrow, crank boat, generally open, square sterned, and modeled much after the pattern of what is known as a "cargo boat," and equipped with a centerboard and a pole masted rig. These boats are popular as "flyers," but can be kept right side up only by alertness and skill in the handling. They carry no ballast, the crew sitting "hard to windward" to keep them "on end." For daredevil sailing such boats, like the narrow canoe, are just the thing, but they scarcely deserve the dignity of being called yachts.

On the Pacific coast, throughout the whole range of the seaboard, from the tropical waters of Lower California to Puget Sound, wherever there is a bay that will afford harbor, and a town that will support people, the yacht is used as a vehicle of pleasure. The number of organized clubs on the Pacific coast is small but the clubs which have been formed there are all strong in membership and active in yachting.

San Francisco, of course, takes the lead with two very good clubs and a fleet of yachts that would not shame any seaport town of the East. Many of the San Francisco boats are large schooners, a number are powerful sea-going sloops, while of smaller craft there is an abundance of almost every type, although the New York catboat and the flat bottomed sharpie of Long Island Sound are seldom met with, and seem not to be in favor. The keel cutter has its representatives in the harbor of the Golden Gate, and the yawl rigged boat is very popular, perhaps the favorite above all other types. Pacific yachters appreciate the good points of the yawl, for the squalls which blow over the waters of the west coast are sudden and severe, and no rig meets these conditions of weather so well as does the yawl. There is also a flourishing organization at Tiburon.

At Tacoma, in Washington, there is a club whose yachts fly their pennants upon the waters of Puget Sound, and cruise as far north as the British dominions. No other organized clubs exist on the Pacific coast; but private yachts are kept in many places, notably at Santa Barbara, San Diego, and Oakland, in California, and it is predicted that the near future will witness the formation of a Pacific coast yachting fraternity similar in principle and purpose to the New York Yacht Racing Association of the East. The day is not far off when these and associations of the clubs of

the Great Lakes and those of the South will concentrate the American yachters in four grand divisions. Then may be formed the American association of all yachters which some optimistic yachting men desire.

From the organization in 1844 of the first band of pleasure sailors, the New York Yacht Club, whose anchorage at Hoboken, New Jersey, was the scene of the first club regatta ever held in America, the progress of the Eastern yachter has been steady; until today the yachting investment of the Atlantic coast is beyond a doubt the most important aquatic interest in the world. It is in the East that the problems of yachting have been propounded and solved.

The distribution of yacht clubs over the Eastern waters is uniform, and everywhere in accord with the availability of the sailing grounds. There are clubs enough, and not too many; these clubs are forming alliances which lead to harmony and good feeling throughout the whole fraternity, and their opportunities are boundless, for they have at their doors every outlet that a yachter can desire. There is inland water on the innumerable bays which everywhere indent the coast; there are great rivers upon which the lover of natural scenery may sail his boat; deep waters for the cutter lover, and shoal inlets and sounds for the advocate of the sharpie; Long Island Sound gives the short cruiser a field for his water rambles such as can be found nowhere else on the globe, and for him who would cruise over pleasant waters between green mountains there is the beautiful Hudson; while "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" lies outside, inviting the bolder yachtsman to wander far from land. No such field exists anywhere else as that granted the sailor of the Eastern coast, and he is availing himself of his advantages to the utmost.

The yachts of the Eastern clubs may be classified in five general groups: Those which make their home ports between Cape Cod and the coast of Maine are enrolled in 32 clubs; those of the Sound and the south shore of Long Island comprise 30 organizations; those of New York harbor and northern New Jersey waters are entered in 21 different clubs; the Hudson River has eleven well established yachting homes; and Delaware Bay has four. To these should be added private yachts innumerable, and the sailboats of many rowing and canoeing clubs, the total composing a fleet of pleasure craft greater than that of any other part of the world.

Concerning the craft used by the yachter of the East it will be needless to speak, excepting in a general way. In the mass of vessels which make up the total of their squadron of yachts may be found every kind of boat, from the great steamer, which is really an "ocean greyhound" in appearance and speed, to the modest little skipjack. There are cutter and sloop, schooner and yawl, sharpie and sand-bagger, each filling its place, and all getting on very well together. The centerboard boats of course outnumber the keelboats and the sloops outnumber the cutters; but there is no especial type of yacht which can be said to be the distinguishing Eastern style. Everything is in use, and it is safe to assert that everything new will be tried and, if found good, adopted by these masters of the art of sailing.

The earliest form of yacht was, of course, a rowboat with a sail. This in time gave way to the wider beamed boat with greater sail carrying ability and a centerboard. With the adoption of the centerboard the era of American yachting really began.

The steady improvement of centerboard models, and the importation from England of the cutter type of narrow, deep keeled boats, furnished yacht builders and designers with material for thought and experiment during many years; and their endeavors to improve are not less earnest today than they have been in the past.

From the primitive spritsail pleasure boat comes the ever present and universally favored centerboard catboat, a type of yacht which for speed, handiness, and unsafeness has never been surpassed. Keel catboats are also built, but the typical American "cat" is the centerboard boat of light draft, big beam, and huge sail. The two objectionable points about boats of this class are their capsizability, and their bad habit of yawing when sailing before the wind. Yet the cat is the handiest light weather boat made. It is very fast, quick in stays, and simple in rig; but it can never become a first class seaworthy type of yacht. It belongs among the fair weather pleasure boats, and is not a good cruiser. Its popularity in the waters of New York harbor and the Sound is often a cause of perplexity to old yachters, who have learned by much experience that it is not by any means the best boat that can be used for pleasuring. But its simplicity of design and rig and its handsome appearance, seem to insure it perpetual good will and a long life among the favorite boats of the time.



Newport catboat.

Cat rigged boats with heavy keels are undoubtedly safe and serviceable cruisers, since they are not easily overturned and can face rough weather. They are popular in the waters about Boston harbor and Newport, but are not favored by yachters of New York and vicinity; in the shoal waters of the South they are never seen, for the patent reason that light draft only will serve for use in Southern yachting grounds.

From the centerboard catboat grew the jib and mainsail sloop, a type of yacht which has always been noted for its great speed and general unhandiness. Small yachts of this kind are always racers, and the interest in racing is sufficient to keep them in the lists of popular boats. In design they are like the catboats, the only difference being in their rigs. These two boats, the centerboard cat and the jib and mainsail sloop, are what yachters call "sandbaggers" that is to say, their ballast consists of bags of sand which are shifted to windward with every tack and thus serve to keep the yachts right side up. A boat ballasted in this manner can carry more sail than

rightly belongs on her sticks, but she cannot be very safe or comfortable. Her place is in the regatta. It is not beyond the truth to assert that the sandbaggers constitute probably 2/5th of the total of small yachts. They will never cease to be popular, for the reason that speed and sport are synonymous terms with a great many yachters, and no one can deny that these boats, like Brother Jasper's Sun, "do move."



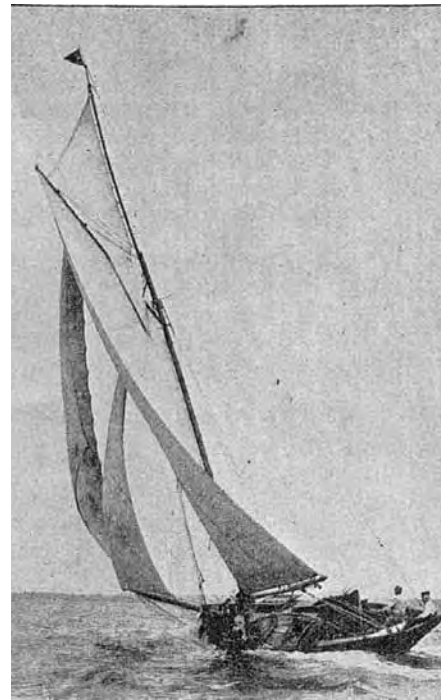
A sandbagger sloop.

While describing the sandbaggers it may be well to call attention to a type of yacht hull which has been in use for many years, and which is in every practical respect identical with the ordinary light draft hull. The difference between this type of hull and others is wholly one of cost and appearance. From a sailing point of view this boat, called a "skipjack" or "smoothing iron", is merely a hard bilged light draft boat; that is to say, its peculiar shape has no perceptible effect upon its use as a vessel. The skipjack is always an odd looking boat, is never handsome in appearance, and cannot be made to appear pleasing to the nautical eye; but its sailing qualities are excellent. Many men who desire a small yacht adopt the skipjack, and from such a boat get much fun with small outlay of money. A strong, well built and correctly molded skipjack is just as good a boat from a sailor's point of view as a sharp bilged, round finished vessel of the same general shape.

A skipjack.

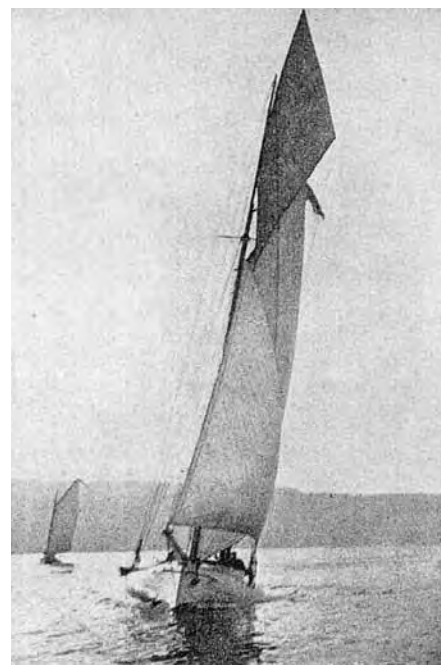


Passing the sandbaggers, the next popular and most universally used yacht is the ballasted sloop. A sloop may be a centerboard boat, or a keel boat, or a combination of both. She has only one mast, and carries a topmast. Her sails are many, and, like the cutter, she is permitted to carry clouds of canvas in a race. Technically speaking, a cutter differs from a sloop only in one point, as the terms "sloop" and "cutter" really apply to the rig of the yacht. The cutter has a sail set from her stem to her masthead, the sloop has not. This is the technical point of difference. This sail is called a forestaysail, and its presence marks the cutter rig. The term "cutter", however, is usually applied to the long, narrow, deep keeled vessel, and has in common parlance grown to mean a boat of that type. It is in that sense that it is generally understood.



A cutter "rap-full" in a good breeze.

A sloop close-hauled to windward.



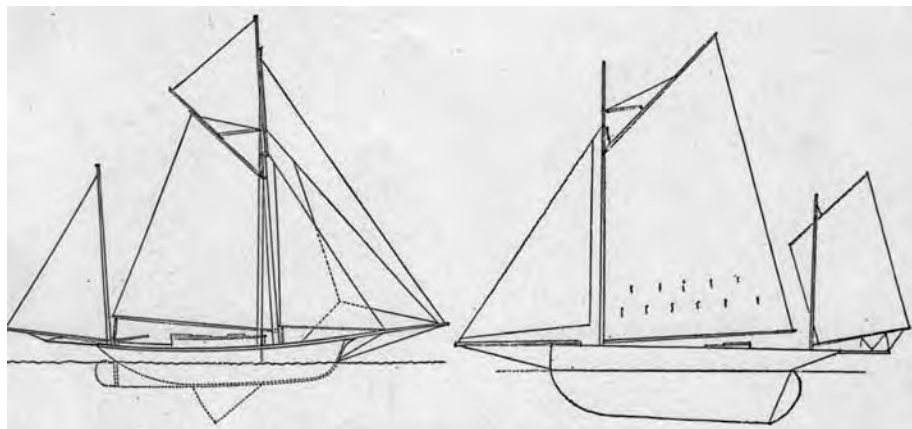


A cutter before the wind under racing canvas.

It is worthy of notice that nearly all yachters who cruise about in summer, and especially those who are fond of speedy boats, use either sloops or cutters; and it is remarkable to see how much comfort can be found in boats of these types, even when quite small. A little cutter or sloop not 25' long will be provided with berths for 4 men, dinner table, lockers, cook stove, and many other general comforts and a yacht 35' long will sleep 6 people without overcrowding, and have 1 stateroom. The deep keeled boat is of course the more comfortable yacht, because she has headroom enough to enable one to stand erect in her cabin. Any one who has done much yachting knows how uncomfortable a shallow boat becomes during a long cruise.

The average yachting man, if he be of that stuff of which good seamen are made, soon finds his chief delight in being master of his own vessel. He likes to feel that it is his skill, his prowess, his intellect, that rule the ship in which he sails; and finding this complete mastery of the vessel to be impossible aboard a big boat, he longs for one which he can handle alone. This independent and sportsman-like instinct of the American yachter has culminated in a liking for certain classes of very small boats, "singlehanders" they are called and this liking has given impetus to the building of some little vessels which are really marvels in their way. Simplicity and handiness of rig have been considered in their construction, and this has led in many cases to the adoption of what is known as the yawl style, a rig which for safety and convenience has never been surpassed by any other.

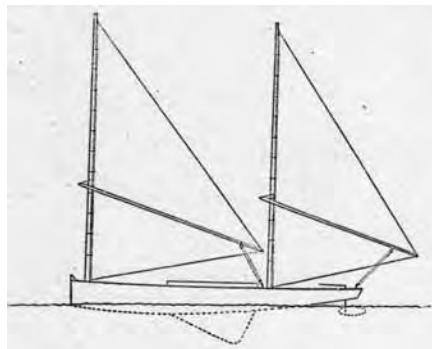
The yawl is really a schooner with very small mainsail. For small cruising yachts it is an excellent rig, and preferable to the cat rig. Cat yawls are also in use; they are merely yawls without jibs. With such rigs as these, a yachter can go alone upon the water without fear of trouble, and with no need of assistance. Naturally, with men of moderate means who love the water, these small singlehanders have become very popular. Some of them are not over 16' long, yet the solitary skipper/crew/cook, all in one, of such a boat finds in his yacht comfortable sleeping quarters, cook stove, dinner table, and all necessary "fixings". The ingenuity displayed in fitting out the cabins of these little boats is quite remarkable.



Types of American sloop-yawls.

Of the many nondescript rigs which are applied to small yachts, two are in common use. One of these is the sharpie, a simple leg o' mutton rig used with flat bottomed boats. Large sharpies have been built with fine cabin accommodations, and such boats are particularly adapted to the shoal waters of the South. They are fast sailers, but, owing to their long, narrow bodies and light draft, are not always trustworthy. They are cheaper to build than boats of other designs. Numerous modifications of the sharpie exist, but the genuine sharpie is always flat bottomed and leg o' mutton rigged. The sharpies of the Sound are famous in their way, and some of the sailors of those waters have even gone to the extreme notion of assuming that they are preferable to any other type of vessel for yachting purposes.

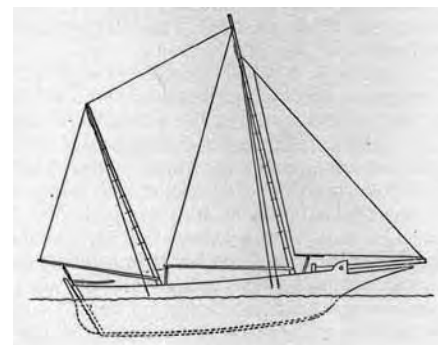
Such an assumption is of course absurd, for at best a sharpie is an imperfect vessel, owing to its flat bottom. As an old sailor once remarked, when asked his opinion about boat hulls, "A wessel wot's more out o' water than she's in ain't no safe wessel for them as likes to keep dry." But the sharpie has its place among the yachts, despite the old sailor's opinion, and that place is clearly defined by Nature, who has made so many shallow sailing grounds upon which no other type of boat can go. The sharpie, like the gunboats of which President Lincoln once spoke, "can go wherever it is a little damp" and its ability to do this entitles it to much respect from the American yachter, who must, if he would sail at all, often frequent very shoal water.



The sharpie.

Buckeyes are favored only in the South. Originally the buckeye was a log hollowed out and shaped into a boat, and was used by the negroes. Today, however, buckeyes are built upon carefully drawn plans, and many of them are excellent vessels. They are common on the coast waters south of the Dela-

ware Bay, and are used chiefly for hunting boats, their cheapness, handiness, and roominess rendering them useful to the sportsman. A true buckeye is a double ender, but some large ones have been built with an overhang stern, which destroys the ideal and creates a new kind of craft. The buckeye is not considered "pretty" by yachting men, but it is in every respect a serviceable boat, being both speedy and safe.



The Buckeye.

The leeboard, a primitive contrivance designed to check the drift of a sailing vessel, was attached to the earlier buckeyes, but nowadays the regulation centerboard is used with these boats. Leeboards are sometimes used with flat bottomed freight vessels such as one sees in the waters of the Great Lakes and the Gulf of California; they are also attached to some sailing canoes, but are not properly a part of the equipment of any boat worthy to be called a yacht. The leeboard is merely a blade of wood dropped at the side of a vessel to give her a hold upon the water.

Similar to the buckeye in appearance is a vessel used in waters a thousand miles distant from those which are the home of the buckeye, and commonly known as a Mackinaw boat. It is the typical vessel of Lake Superior, upper Lake Michigan, and Green Bay. This boat is also a double ended craft, rigged generally with two leg o' mutton sails, sometimes with the addition of a jib. The Mackinaw boat is popular as a fisherman, and the Indian fishers of the Great Lakes use it in catching whitefish, one of the chief industries of those waters. It can outsail the average fancy yacht, and is a very trustworthy sea boat, two excellent qualities which have led to its adoption by many yachters of the Lakes as a general cruiser and pleasure boat. The simple Mackinaw boat has no deck, and has a very pronounced sheer and a high bow and stern, but since it became a yachting craft it

has been improved by the addition of deck and cabin, and is one of the best yachts for all round use that one can find.

A few years ago the sailing public was surprised by the appearance upon the waters of a spiderlike contrivance which its friends said was a "catamaran." This new claimant for yachting favor was like the raft of the South Sea Islanders only in name; in fact, it was not a catamaran at all, but a new device for racing over the water by means of sails. Wonderful feats were predicted for the future of the catamaran, and it certainly did accomplish something; but after a long and fair trial (for the yachter, no matter how bigoted he may be, will always try a new boat) it was discarded as a useless, dangerous, and decidedly unsatisfactory kind of craft. The theory of the catamaran's designers was that by setting sails upon two narrow, sharp hulls placed wide apart great speed could be obtained, because of the small resistance offered by the water against such hulls, and because the wide spread of the two boats would render the craft uncapsizable under lateral wind pressure.

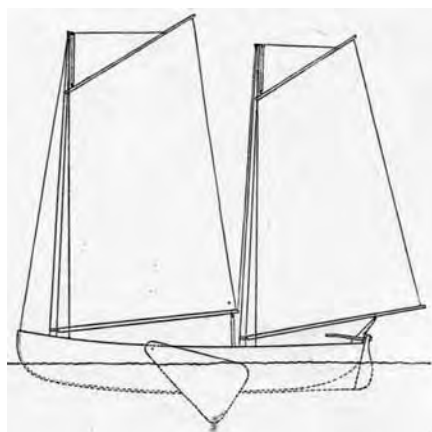
Theory failed to fit facts, however, and the catamaran has long since disappeared from the surface of the waters; its moldering form may be seen almost anywhere upon the shore of a yachting harbor, a shattered monument to the time, labor, and money that were sacrificed in giving it a trial. The faults of the catamaran were many. It did indeed show speed, provided the conditions under which it was used were exactly to its liking; but Nature has a way of making her conditions disagreeable to the sailor and the ship, and the genius who conceived the catamaran seems not to have taken this into his reckoning when he created his boat.

The catamaran was always out of order in rough water; often a moderate chop sea was sufficient to shake it in twain; it had a bad habit of losing or breaking its rudders; it was even guilty of letting its centerboard be twisted out just when the centerboard was handy to have; it would not rise to a sea, neither would it go through it steadily, as does a well-fined cutter; and it did actually capsize in a very disagreeable and unseemly manner, kicking up its heels and plunging nose down, as a catboat will sometimes "pitchpole", thus turning a porpoiselike somersault, and disgracing both itself and its master. So the catamaran, after a just trial by a jury of all the yachters, has disappeared, and is not likely to be seen again.

A catamaran.



Another style of craft, now out of date and rarely seen, is the pirogue, or, as it was usually called, "periauger". This vessel is a double ended, narrow hull, rigged with 2 pole masts each carrying a gaff sail, what might be termed, in brief, a double cat rigged boat. The pirogue was at one time the Jersey Dutchman's favorite boat, and in the early days, when New York was still remembered as "New Amsterdam" and Jersey City was known as "Powles Hook", a pirogue ferry was operated by the enterprising Dutch of the two towns on the opposite shores of the Hudson. In those days a "voyage" across the river against adverse winds was considered quite a journey, and the pirogue making the best time became famous.



Old-style pirogue with leeboard.

A comparison between the pirogue ferry of those times and the equipment of such ferries as now ply across the Hudson is suggestive of the march which progress has made in a few brief decades. The pirogue is rarely seen nowadays, but one meets it occasionally. It is generally used as a hunting and pleasure sailing craft. Originally it was fitted with a leeboard, but in the modern boat the centerboard takes the place of that discarded contrivance.

A new aspirant has recently come into the yachting field, of which much is expected by certain advocates of shoal boat sailing. This new craft is really an improved "sneak-box", a form of duck hunting boat in use all over the country. The sneakbox of the West is a rowboat, but duck hunters on the New Jersey coast and other waters on the Atlantic seaboard inlets have always built their sneakboxes with a view to carrying sail, and constant improvement has actually developed a boat which is an exceedingly fine sailer, and a weatherly craft. The further improvement mentioned, which has resulted in the creation of a new type of sailboat, is known by the somewhat non-nautical name of "watermelon". It is a spoon shaped, sloop rigged craft. This unique vessel has been tried for two seasons, and reports speak well of its performance. It is an odd-looking boat, but in the hands of a skilful sailor seems to justify the application of the old saw, "Handsome is as handsome, does".

The "Watermelon" sloop.



Lake yachting has certain peculiarities not common with yachting on the salt water. For example, the water ballasted boat, which is seldom seen upon the sea, has been in use by lake yachters for years. Some of the vessels sailed on the waters of the Great Lakes carry no other ballast. The water ballast is sometimes held in fixed tanks secured at the bottom of the boat; in other cases it is carried in long, narrow boxes which are stowed below like a cargo. When racing with tank ballasted yachts, it has sometimes been customary to alter the ballast by pumping out the water, or by adding more, as the needs of the racer might require. This ability to change ballast at will gives one yacht decided advantage over another with fixed ballast; since, when running before the wind, the water ballasted boat may be lightened so that she may go more swiftly, while when she is compelled to beat to windward under lateral pressure, a refilling of her water tanks at once adds to her stability and sail carrying power.

By salt water yachters such a practice would not be countenanced since it would be considered unfair. The water ballasted boat certainly has one point in its favor, if capsized it cannot sink and this desirable quality in a yacht has given impetus in the East to the building of what is known as the Norton lifeboat, a vessel constructed on peculiar principles. Briefly described, the Norton boat is of the following design. Her water ballast is confined in tanks on each side of her keel line; these tanks are opened to the sea at points near the keel; in the upper part of each tank along each side of the boat, is an air chamber. The theory of the inventor is that, when the vessel is pressed down to leeward, the water in the leeward tanks is forced upward against the air cushions, and the resistance of the air thus compressed holds the boat up. The water in the windward tanks cannot escape, because the outlets are below the waterline of the boat; this water remains as "dead ballast".

Concerning the Norton boat much has been written, but no positive proof has yet been furnished that it is all that is claimed for it. It certainly behaves well, and is a very stiff boat in a hard blow. Such a boat really floats upon its cabin floor, or rather upon the upper limits of its water tanks.

Leaving the discussion of the odds and ends of yacht styles, we come, by natural progress, to a type which is destined to greater popularity as time goes on, and yachters learn the ways of the sea, and the best methods of dealing with them. Although the schooner is generally deemed a big yacht, it is nevertheless a fact that small schooners are desirable boats to have, and that the number of schooners of small tonnage is increasing.

There is no denying the advantage of the schooner's rig over that of the sloop. A schooner of 40' is handier, safer, and less expensive to run than a 40' sloop. The rig of the schooner is peculiarly adapted to all weathers, and a small crew can handle such a vessel with ease, when to manage a sloop of equal size would require the best efforts of "all hands and the cook". The reason for this is that the schooner's sails can be attended to one at a time, which is not the case with the big mainsail sloop. Any yachter of experience can relate tales of hard trials with a sloop in rough weather that would not have worried a schooner's crew at all.



The schooner *Edith*.

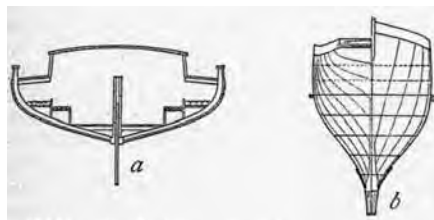
The waters of the eastern Sound and of Boston Harbor have many of these little schooners, and their owners get from them an amount of comfort that can never be appreciated save by one who has had experience with both schooner and sloop. A typical yacht of this kind is the flagship *Edith* of the New York Yacht Racing Association. Her owner, President Prime, has cruised in her to Florida, and found her as safe and handy at sea as many a large vessel. Such a yacht is cheap to build, cheap to run, and very roomy. For men who seek to yacht for pleasure, comfort, and safety, the schooner and the yawl are beyond question ideal boats. If racing be the desire of the yachting man, however, the cat, jib and mainsail, sloop and cutter rigged yachts are the boats in which he should invest and sink his cash.

A word concerning the endless "centerboard and keel" controversy may not be out of place here. As applied to small cruising yachts, it is not out of the way to state that, unless shoal waters make it imperative that one should have only a light draft boat, the deep keel vessel is much the better craft for the yachter to use. In such a boat depth gives accommodation, the absence of the centerboard trunk leaves the cabin freed from a great inconvenience, while the stability of such a boat contributes to safety.

It is generally agreed that the best small cruiser is a boat of good beam and draft, carrying her ballast on her keel. Such a yacht is uncapsizable, a great advantage in a small vessel. The compromise, or keel and centerboard type of boat, is also popular. A boat of this kind has good draft, lead or iron keel/ballast, and the centerboard is considered a benefit to her in going about and in racing. The very light draft centerboard yacht is not the best cruiser, the only excuse for her use in that capacity being the necessity of light draft in waters which are shallow, as are the waters of many of our small harbors. A general deduction from these points of view may be summarized thus: use a keel boat if you can; a centerboard boat if you must.

With racing yachts the case is different. A racer should be built with one idea, to win and if light draft and a big centerboard will win, one should use them. For rough water racing, however, it has been demonstrated quite conclusively that the "skimming dish", as the light draft boat is called, is not the best yacht. In bad weather the yacht with good body and draft, and ballast well down, has often proved herself the champion. The narrow beamed cutter with very deep draft has also held her own in such weather against all comers. And just here a note in reference to the diagrams shown in (a) and (b) may be interesting. These drawings show the development of the deep, narrow boat from the shoal type. They are from the scale plans of

well known yachts and serve better than words to mark the different types. The plan (b) is an excellent form of keel type, being excessive neither in draft nor in beam; but it is too light for a stable boat. A compromise between (a) and (b) would give a good type of boat for general all round yachting purposes.



a. Mid-ship section of a typical centerboard sloop yacht 40' long overall, 14' beam, 3'9" deep exclusive of trunk. b. Body plan of a typical English cutter 38' long overall, 6' beam and 6' draft.

Racing with small yachts has for many years been one of the delights of yachters. With the growth of yachting and the development of organizations this sport grew rapidly in popularity, and now racing is always the great feature of yacht club's yachting season. In the earlier days of yacht racing some droll things occurred. It was soon discovered that a big boat could beat a small one, and the necessity of time allowance rules became obvious to the yachters. At was deemed sufficient to grade the boats according to size; and actual size being an unattainable measure, length was adopted as a standard of size. So the yachts were measured over their decks for the purpose of classification.

Then began an era of building to beat the racing rule, and the result was a boat longer on the keel than over deck. Objection was made to this unfairness and the rule was changed, the measure of length on the keel being adopted as fair. In a short time the yachting world witnessed the birth of a new type of boat with the keel cut away forward and aft. Again the boat was made bigger than her measure indicated. Next came the waterline rule of measurement which was fair, excepting that it took no account of the overhang sterns of many yacht, which thus gained advantage over boats square sterned boats of equal waterline length. So a reckoning was made for overhang, and this is the general practice today.

When the New York Yacht Racing Association was organized, this question of racing length was decided in a manner so satisfactory that no just complaint of unfairness has ever arisen and the majority of clubs in the country have adopted the association rule, which is simple, sportsmanlike, and free from the complications that always cause trouble in clubs which use tonnage and sail area rules. The association rule measures a yacht by this formula:

Length over deck + waterline length divided by 2 = sailing measure; that is to say, one half of the overhang of the stern is allowed.

Concerning this association a word should be said, because its organization marks a new era in yachting. It was formed in 1889 by 10 clubs, the object being to create a sportsmanlike spirit and a feeling of cordiality among all yachters. Its growth in popularity was rapid, and in a year its membership had doubled. Today it includes nearly

every yacht club on the waters of New York harbor, New Jersey, and the western Sound. Its annual regattas have made it a success, as a few figures will show. In the regatta of 1889, 120 yachts entered, the largest number ever sailed in any race. In 1890, the entries numbered 180; in 1891 160 boats entered. The association has been a boon to yachters, bringing them together in friendly intercourse, and fostering a spirit of good fellowship and kindly rivalry. The association has a cruise every year, and this feature has become almost as popular with its members as the regatta. 60 yachts participated in the cruise of 1890. In 1891, 100 little vessels sailed the waters of Long Island Sound, disbanding at Shelter Island after a most delightful outing.

The association has been success from the start and has given the small yachters opportunities which they never could have got in any other way, because the lack of uniformity in racing rules made it impossible for the boats of one club to race with those, of another. Whether the racing rules of the association are technically perfect is a mooted question, but they certainly satisfy the yachters, and leave no room for those rancorous feelings which always grow out of a race sailed under "the rules with a plus in 'em", to which genial "Captain Joe" of *Puritan* fame once strongly objected, on the grounds that they were not seamanlike, and that no two people could ever read them the same way.

A word should be said, before closing, of the homes of the yachters, for it is in these places that they spend much of their time when ashore, receive their friends, give their banquets, and "spin yarns" during the long winter evenings, while their boats are abandoned upon the shores, or in the snug hibernation of some quiet cove, awaiting the spring-time revival and the bustle of preparation for the next summer's sailing. Every yacht club has a home of some sort, if it be merely a small hut with a set of lockers and some chairs; but most clubs erect really useful houses, and take great pride in having them cozy and well furnished. Some of these buildings are expensive, well designed structures.

Such houses as those of the Atlantic and Brooklyn Clubs of Brooklyn; the Pavonia Club at the Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey; the Eastern Club at Marblehead, Massachusetts; the Larchmont and New Haven Clubs of the Sound; and the Minnetonka Club of Minneapolis, are admirably adapted for yachting purposes. These clubhouses are, of course, constructed primarily with a view to the needs of the yacht owners, and contain ample locker accommodations, sail lofts, and storerooms for small boats, oars, spars, etc.; but they also contain fine meeting rooms, ladies' parlors, and quarters for the stewards, who prepare many a good dinner for the hungry sailors and their friends, and whoever saw a yachting man who was not hungry? Some of these clubhouses also have sleeping rooms in which one who desires to slumber on shore may pass the night, although the yachter himself generally prefers a bunk in his boat to any hotel, no matter how fine.

Some clubs, in addition to their regular clubhouses, maintain "annexes" at favorite resorts which they use as general meeting places during the yachting season. The New York Yacht Club and the Pavonia and Jersey City Clubs of New Jersey have such buildings and find them very convenient, the location of their homes not being near enough to the sea to meet the requirements

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
mainboats@roadrunner.com

of their sailing. These annex clubhouses are plain and substantial.

Yachting in small yachts is, then, the real American yachting. The "big boat" has its place in the yachting world, but it is not the typical American yacht. It is the small yachter who gives to the sport its wide popularity, and makes yachting so universally loved by men who are fond of aquatic pleasuring. The small yachter is everywhere upon the waters. From the coast of Maine, from the shores of the harbor of the Golden Gate,



MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

from the beaches of the Atlantic seaboard, and from the borders of the inland lakes, he can be seen, all summer long, sailing about in his little vessel, and enjoying in all its fullness the excitement and delight of this most noble and health giving sport.

With a pluck and energy that mark the true lover of the sea, and a tact and skill that bespeak the real sailor, he handles his little craft, in fair weather and in foul, in a manner that leaves no room for doubt as to his fitness for the work which he is doing; for, whether he sails alone, or with the help of his friends, or that of a hired man to run his boat, he is always the master of his vessel, which is seldom the case with the proprietor of the big boat and is in reality a "yachtsman" under all circumstances, at all times, and in all weathers. He must be cool headed and calm in times of peril, affable and courteous on all social occasions, and generous and prompt to respond to all calls upon his courage, in brief, a gentleman; and, with rare exceptions, he comes, up to that standard.

There is no profit in yachting, and its trophies are, like those of the old Greek arena, always marks of merit and prowess, never the rewards of sharp practice and dishonest trickery. No race winner amongst yachters expects his prizes to pay for his outlay and this feature of its contests has always kept yachting from drawing to itself the kind of men who disgrace many other forms of sport. Yachting is a pastime that appeals only to those traits of character which are found in the manly man.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association



Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

For those who know
there is simply nothing
better than messing
about in small boats.

Join your like-minded friends
across America in pursuit of
happiness.

Visit *TSCA.Net*
and sign up today.



Traditional Small Craft Association
PO Box 350 Mystic, CT 06355

While engaging in a bit of reminiscing, the topic I was chasing was about the durability of foam boats. Kinda esoteric but what a Pandora's Box that opened up. It was about the third boat that I either built or Frankenized, not the first, but it was my first real live sailboat. Factory built, bought new from a local supplier of such ephemera as a Styrofoam sailboat would have certainly been back about the time '59 Chevys were first sprouting those gawdawful wings down aft. I don't remember the retail price, I do know that it totaled every red cent I made off mowing lawns that summer and from babysitting. Yes, pre teens used to carry that sort of responsibility just fine, thank you very much, probably during that rite of passage from elementary school to the more grownup junior high, someplace around the sixth or seventh grade.

That little spit kit came covered with soot from some rack or shelf in some dusty warehouse, so she was probably "old stock" by that time. But once scrubbed and caressed, she still had the mold marks at what would have been the deck to hull joint in a yet to come (widely available, that is) production boat. There was this spindly mast and thin-walled tubes for an itty bitty lateen sail. The rudder was made from a bandsaw cut 1/4" plywood piece shoved into an aluminum tube that that served as pintles, gudgeons and tiller.

That rudder blade was already developing a curve, the tiller soon developed a stress crack at the unreinforced hole punched big, fat and wide to accommodate the "tiller post." I replaced just about every part of the boat as we moved toward something more closely akin to the black and white photo essays in either *Popular Mechanics* magazine or the full color spreads in *Boys' Life* that I pored over in those days.

Right Around That First Boat Time

By Dan Rogers

Over the next summer or two, what came to be named *Wild One* for a rock song that regularly blared from my first transistor radio ("Six Transistors" proudly emblazoned on the front, to be specific) gave more than her share of spills, thrills and adventures. I'm guessing she was about 8' or 10' long, shaped a lot like a classic Hawaiian long board.

This is the boat that I "sailed" out in the backyard on windy days and taught myself the rudiments of sail trim and got a first inkling of the points of sail that had only been in books up to that time. I found that I could sorta approximate the shift in apparent wind by pivoting the hull on the grass and trimming the main. Almost immediately it became obvious that this rig needed MORE POWER. And so the Frankenadventure began in earnest.

The original mast was probably about 6' long. That canoe sail was not weatherly enough for my taste so I invented a Marconi cat rig from the original aluminum spar and a closet pole, likely shaped with a piece of #60 grit sandpaper and my Scout knife to get the wood to fit inside the newly appointed aluminum topmast. Everything came from the sort of local hardware store shelves. Those heavy and clunky galvanized "pulleys" were held on with zinc coated ring bolts of varying diameters. Even the gooseneck came from the hardware store. The hook screwed into the end of the wooden closet pole boom that

pivoted in the ring bolt drilled through the base of the now about 16' tall mast, worked more or less OK on the backyard lawn.

It later taught the value of a downhaul on windy and deep and cold Lake Crescent. That same mast penetration resulted in a rather unfortunate dismasting on equally cold Priest Lake. That one came a lifetime later, as a high school sophomore, camped out with my best friend for a week in the wilderness. The boat was our only link to civilization other than a wet, cold, rainy, muddy trail of about ten miles down lake to the nearest resort. An early lesson in metal fatigue, as the nice fellow with the cabin cruiser powered by a mythical Merc 78-A that reputedly developed an astronomical 65 horses, suggested matter of factly. This one even started reliably and ran smoothly. A transformative rescue for a boy who was rapidly shifting to total infatuation with everything automotive and, of course, everything female.

High school girls had absolutely no interest in recreating the adventures of Horatio Hornblower on the bounding main so it became cars and girls another rite of passage in those days. The deal was that every "red blooded American boy" was required to be standing in line at DMV when they opened for business on his 16th birthday. There was simply no other option than to pass both the written test and the driving test the first time. To do anything otherwise was to relegate your seat on the locker room bench to someplace below whale doodoo.

Sure, the boat got rerigged and modified just about completely but, by then, she was becoming one of a burgeoning fleet. I guess you could say that I had several "first boats." And the only pictures that survive are only in my head. I'll bet you have a similar album.



**CHESAPEAKE
LIGHT CRAFT**

Build your own from a kit





NanoShip

Southwester Dory

Tenderly Dinghy

KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS

100 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

Gray Fleet

The news had an interesting piece on the US Coast Guard's major icebreaker that is ancient, long in the tooth, old, and past her prime (you get the idea). This beast is so old that parts are no longer made for much of her machinery and electrical systems so the crew had to become adaptable to the problem. They turned to eBay! They scrounge the internet daily looking for parts to keep their tub running.

Meanwhile, the US Canoe Club (aka the Navy) wants three new aircraft carriers. Naval sources including *Sea Power* and the *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings* feature article after article questioning the wisdom of such requests positing that airpower is not within the needs of the Navy. The unmanned vehicle faction are quick to argue that with unmanned submarines and unmanned surface ships the Navy can adequately handle most missions at significantly less expense and less danger to crew sitting around San Diego managing everything with joysticks.

The cryptology crew contend that the biggest threat to America is not missiles and bombs but cyber war whereby an enemy can control everything from the stock market to power plants to say nothing of air transportation and even red lights. Both parties, the cryptology experts and the unmanned vehicle band, forward accurate and startling perspectives about the future. But aviators still largely control the Navy.

The *San Antonio* class LPD design plans have continued normally with the keel laying of the *USS Fort Lauderdale* (LPD-28) at the Huntington Ingalls Industries yard in Pascagoula, Mississippi. The Navy had planned for 12 such ships but Congress, in its munificence, decided that the Navy should have 13. Obviously, campaign contributions had nothing to do with this largess.

The surface force end of the Navy are excited about a new LPD design currently called the LX(R) that will maintain the same hull and overall features of the current class but added 8,000 more square footage in order to carry 650 Marines instead of the 500 under current designs. These new ships will have enhanced command and control, a better flight deck, and upgrades for aviation maintenance facilities. The new ships will possess a Raytheon built ship wide area network (SWAN) that is a fiber optic link among the command and control, damage control, engineering, navigation, and steering systems.

(Editorial Statement: This writer has no understanding about all this high technology but it is apparent that he could no longer provide useful service for the modern Navy. Everything is so new and so technologically oriented that there probably isn't a rating I could fill with much success. Complaints about kids not knowing as much as they used to are horse feathers.)

The *DDG Zumwalt's* mission is under review yet again. This craft is extremely stealthy and possesses powerful armament systems supported by the highest technology available to the Navy. Since Congress cannot agree on a budget and simply kicks the fiscal can down the road for a couple of months at a time, the Navy is helpless in long term planning. *Zumwalt's* Long Range Land Attack Projectile (LRLAP, in sailor lingo) offers shore attack reminiscent of the battleships of WWII which could pound hell out of a field of action 25 miles deep. Instead of 16" shells weighing over a ton each hammering an enemy, *Zumwalt* can do the same thing via LRLAP.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

Speaking of money, Congress received a monetary slap in the face when the *USS Ford* (CVN78) ran up an expense account massively greater than the amount discussed by the Folks on the Hill in 2008. Just commissioned in the summer of 2017 and the first of her class, *Ford* class ships will replace the *Nimitz* class carriers. Congress suddenly blanched when the cost of *Ford* hit the books. *Ford* cost \$12.9 billion and will require millions of greenbacks to keep her operational. Two additional carriers are on the blocks (the *John F. Kennedy* and the *Enterprise*) and the expenses have staggered the bean counters.

Technologically, the *Ford* is the same length and beam as the *Nimitz* class vessels but has a flight deck inches larger. Her displacement is over 100,000 tons compared to the older ships displacing 97,000 tons. With modern technology being the way it is, the crew is approximately 1,000 small than the older carriers.

A recent posting in *Seapower*, a magazine from the Navy League of the United States, showed all the flag officers of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard and their assignments. A quick perusal of the admirals list showed that, except for engineers, cryptologists and submariners, the vast majority of gold braids are pilots, and not surface warfare officers. No wonder the Navy continues to promulgate carrier building. This is clearly reminiscent of early WWII when the carrier task force commanders were all part of the Gun Club, cruiser and battleship trained men. CNO/COMINCH, Ernest J. King, changed all that and required all carrier captains be "Brown Shoe" folks (all Navy officers wore black shoes except fly boys who wore brown shoes with their kaki uniforms).

Small Boats

Sail, that glossy magazine for people of wealth, attempted to examine the best "pocket cruiser" on the water. First, they scrutinized Ken Lange's Malbec 18 without mentioning that the West Wight Potter was an early ancestor, although the Malbec is currently manufactured while the Potters are in limbo awaiting resurrection. Then they considered the Stilleto XC catamaran that is high tech, flies more than it sails, is very expensive, and does not look like anything one would sleep on. In the end they decided their "pocket cruiser" of choice was the Bavaria 34! The definition of "pocket cruiser" needs clarification.

Pettit's Sea Gold is wildly touted as the best wood treatment on the market. The product is a blend of UV stable resins, pigments, and UV inhibitors that is easily applied and can be reapplied without sanding. It can be cleaned up with soap and water (always a plus). It dries quickly and one can apply four coats in a day. On the other hand, who wants to do this when you can spend an entire week sanding, varnishing, waiting and then repeating it over and over again? Both *Sail* and *WoodenBoat* recommended this treatment.

The Beachlauncher is a device worthy of anyone's wish list. A motorized "trailer" that holds a pair of carpeted bunks and sits nicely on six wheels or a tread like a bulldozer (or tank). Off to one side and above water level is the operating system that runs remotely up to 600' from the handheld console. You simply get in your boat, drive down to the beach, enter the water when you float, and take off for a leisurely day on the water. When you are finished you just load the boat onto the trailer while sitting at the wheel drinking a coolie and working on your tan. Then you simply drive your Beachlauncher back to the garage or parking space. Check out www.thebeachlauncher.com. You have to wonder what the poor people are doing these days.

The Navy has long been known for its "Bug Juice" (Kool-Aid) but recreational seafarers now have "Boat Juice," a liquid cleaner that supposedly works wonders, especially on decks. In one testimonial, a user claimed he spilled a can of paint on his deck but it was cleaned up nicely with the use of Boat Juice. You simply spray a small amount on the area to be cleaned, add a mist of water, work it in with a bristle brush, let it sit for 30 seconds or so, and wipe off. Old Doc has no idea whatsoever if this is a good product or another scam but the ad in *Great Lakes Scuttlebutt* included a beautiful, bikini clad blonde of such pulchritude that I immediately ordered a 32oz can. (OK, this is not Politically Correct but, being over the age of 70, I don't care.)

EP Carry Motor System is an electric boat motor that claims to be effective and efficient for boats up to 18' long and 1,000lbs. The manufacturer claims it will take a sailboat up to 4.5 knots. It carries its own battery pack (lithium ion rechargeable) and the motor with battery weighs in at 14lbs. The price tag is about two grand.

Several articles in recent boat magazines have tried to explain the difference between pound thrust (electric motors) vs horsepower (gas engines) without much success for old folks. Minn-Kota is fairly inexpensive (under \$200) for a 55lb thrust, but it requires a deep cycle 12 volt battery (another \$100) and a recharger of some sort (solar power?). This is a trolling motor. WalMart has them by the carloads. Torqeedo is the most familiar to small boat aficionados. It costs about \$1,600, and is equivalent to about 5hp. But, it too requires a deep cycle battery.

The question that is open for discussion is whether these are better than gas powered motors. Certainly the electric motors are significantly better for the environment, weigh less, require less maintenance, and a lot less of a hassle trying to start. On the other hand, can they produce enough power to handle rough seas or water? Tides and currents demand a lot of oomph when opposing them, and one knows about how much horsepower is required. But if one had to choose between a new 5hp Mercury or a new Torqeedo, it may be about even, financially.

For those who like insane ideas, the Drill Paddle is right for you. This marvelous toy is a length of pipe with a propeller connected at one end. You simply insert the opposite end into your lithium ion powered drill chuck, stick the prop end into the water, and away you go. No need for a PhD in Mechanical Engineering. I wonder how big the Operation Manual is? I also wonder how fast it would propel my Potter 15?

White Fleet

Royal Caribbean's *Independence of the Seas* had 332 sick passengers on a recent cruise in the Caribbean. The standard flu like symptoms included diarrhea and vomiting. A company spokesperson said that the 332 only amounted to 6% of the passengers which, they claimed, was a very small percentage, however, another company person said that they all "looked ghastly." The company stated that the ship would undergo a thorough cleaning before the next voyage.

A lifeboat broke away from its davits and crashed into the sea off Ponta Delgado, Azores. Five crewmembers who were in the craft were injured, one seriously enough to warrant hospitalization. They were on the ship *P&O Arcadia*.

Winter cold and storms blocked the arrival of *Norwegian Breakaway* in New York causing havoc among passengers who missed travel connections. Evidently folks are unaware that Mother Nature dictates arrivals and departures of ships, and they fail to prepare for alternatives.

Sea Princess, on a two week cruise around Australia and New Zealand, endured an outbreak of novo virus that gripped 200 of the customers. The makers of Puffs bathroom tissues must have enjoyed an increase in stock value recently. However the correlation probably is not related to causation, statistically.

An 80-year-old UK passenger jumped overboard from the *Silver Muse*. The body was never recovered.

A man was stabbed with a beer bottle in a raucous New Years Eve celebration aboard the *Oasis Of The Seas*. The ship diverted its course and stopped at Nassau where the victim was hospitalized.

The above five stories occurred during the first five days of 2018. This is going to be an interesting year for the White Fleet.

Yachts

A French sailor set the world record for a solo voyage around the world with a time of 42 days, 16 hours, 40 minutes, and 35 seconds that was six days faster than the previous record set last year. Francois Gabbert called his record "a mind blowing time." He sailed a 30m Macif trimaran. So much for that old tune, "Around the World in 80 Days."

For all you small boaters who love sailing in a vessel under 20', God hath granted us a new and longed for piece of boating equipment meeting a need that hath forever plagued us poor mariners of the Wine Dark Seas. Whether you ply the waves in your 10' dinghy or embark in a West Wight Potter 15, you need a furler. *Sail* magazine now touts not just any old furler but rather an electric one that can furl or unfurl your mammoth jib with the mere touch of a knob using the requisite electrical power produced by your solar panels, railroad boxcar sized battery pack, and wind generator. No more yanking on lines or tying off on a cleat, to say nothing of cranking a winch! You simply push a cute little button while sipping on your 2014 Merlot from Southern West Virginia and gazing wistfully at the bikinis on the adjacent Bauer 10-footer. The cost of this little gem is a mere \$3,000. My dreams have been fulfilled. God is great.

Environment

The US Bureau of Safety and Environment Enforcement approved oil drilling in the Arctic. They said it was fine with them to

drill 18 wells, one injector well, and one disposal well on a manmade island in the Beaufort Sea. Russia, Canada, and the Polar Bears were not consulted.

National Geographic Society heightened its concern over the shrinking polar ice-pack that has diminished by one-third since 1980 creating issues no one fully appreciated. One notable change is the interbreeding of bears. The Pizzlie is a result of the Grizzlies from the north meeting the Polar Bears from further north. Polar Bear's diet consists of high protein meat from seals necessary to endure the cold and provide nutrition for cubs, however, they are now found munching on low level diets of grasses and dead birds.

The Society also noted that the shriveling ice pack is not simply at the edges of the ice but at the depth as well. This is bringing a new set of problems because different types of fish normally found much farther south are now showing up and invading the food sources of native fish. The narwhale (a mammal) is especially impacted by the changes. The Inuit tribes are having a vocabulary change. They are seeing birds for which they have no names including the robin. Quoting the President of Columbia, "People who do not recognize manmade climate changes are simply myopic."

Merchant Fleet

The 1,500dwt freighter *Chang Ping* collided with *Xinwang 138* in the Port of Shanghai. Within minutes the *Chang Ping* sank taking with her ten crewmen, helicopters and small boats in frigid waters rescued 13 others while strong currents denied divers the opportunity to search the ship. Owned by a small company in Hong Kong, the stricken ship flew a Sierra Leone flag. Previously, the ship had failed several inspections dealing with water tightness and machinery.

The ship business is facing some precarious satellite problems. Ships and oil rigs are totally dependent on those little space machines for communications, data information monitoring, computer data, computer oversight, navigation, weather reports, and a ton of other stuff. Interference causes important degradation that can lead to major safety concerns, provide incorrect monitoring information, to say nothing of navigation.

Ships are constantly moving and switching between satellites (called "repointing") each is a little different and often requires manual adjustments instead of automatic changes. Worse, unlike communications stations ashore that are standing still, ships are moving, constantly being hammered with rough seas, and even the normal rock and roll of the vessels cause constant havoc on equipment. While it sounds crazy, one problem is interference by other entities whether it be ships or hostile nations or simple meteorological events. Antenna shape and position is essential for reception and the margin for error is very small, even a few millimeters can be the difference between a quality signal and none at all.

Martin Coleman, director of the Satellite Interference Reduction group, has issued dire warnings about the future of satellite usage. Although not mentioned in his most recent communiqué, the accumulation of space junk is arousing serious apprehension. A small bolt travelling at 17,000mph can put an important navigational tool out of service. The joys of modern living.

If you love Vladimir Putin, you will

surely faint with overwhelming and intoxicating fervor over Dmitry Rogozin, the Deputy Prime Minister who manages to outdo The Donald when it comes to excessive spin on stories. Rogozin, who believes that all of Norway's northern islands are really Russian, showed up there without passport or visa but waving a Russian flag.

Now he claims that Russia is building two new nuclear powered icebreakers unsurpassed in size or power. *Tass* reported that he claimed two *Lider* class nuclear ships would be ready between 2023 and 2025. This would mean an addition to the three current icebreakers currently being constructed, the *Arktika*, the *Sibir*, and the *Ural*. According to Rogozin, the new ships will be "goliaths" adding 50 meters to the length of the biggest similar ship. He added that these nuclear vessels could leave a channel opening of over 50 meters for following ships.

Along with this report was a note that Rosatom, the Russian nuclear corporation, has requested a bill ensuring them of the right to oversee and regulate all sea traffic along Russia's 6,000km northern border on the Arctic Ocean. Putin is supportive of this measure. Obviously, Russia is beginning to develop oil operations in the Arctic and wants to control transit rights around the North Pole.

A Panamanian flagged Iranian tanker, *Sanchi*, collided hard with the *CF Crystal*, 160 miles east of Shanghai killing all 30 Iranian and two Bangladesh crew. All the *CF Crystal* crew was rescued successfully, alive and healthy. Two Chinese pollution control ships and a set of government vessels, a US Navy P-8A Poseidon from Okinawa, and a myriad of fishing boats and South Korean Coast Guard assisted in a search for the missing sailors.

The *Sanchi*, an 899' tanker owned by Bright Shipping, was carrying 136,000 tons of light oil that ignited in a fiery explosion sending black smoke seen for miles. The *CF Crystal* was hauling grain. *Sanchi* was ten years old and sailed under four different names according to the *New York Times*, renowned by some as an initiator of fake news using facts and data.



WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com



A Free Seabird Yawl?

By Greg Grundtisch

Is there really any such thing as a free boat (lunch)? Some will argue absolutely, NO. I am one that has gone from, sure there is, and I've had them too. NO, there is not. I have been on both sides of that debate. It depends on how one defines free. The free ones are often of wood and in need of much repair, if not total restoration, often in boat yards, or worse, in a backyard where gaining access is near impossible without heavy lifting equipment. Others are free for the cost of boatyard expenses. This is very often more than the boat is worth. Then there is "Free," just get it off the boatyard property. This often requires some rental equipment cost, and much labor.

Then there is this boat I was alerted about by Roger Allen of the Buffalo Maritime Center. "Do you know anyone that would be interested in a Seabird yawl?" I responded with, "I can check around, what is the asking price?" He said that he thought it was free, it just needs a good home, and gave me the contact information. I then inquired about the details.

Nick Smit is the man I contacted about this free Seabird yawl. It happened that he was helping a family that wanted to find a good home for this boat so that it would sail on and not be cut up for parts and scrapped. A good friend of Nick's passed away while sailing this boat. This man's family had lots of great years and memories of sailing this boat but no longer wanted to do so without him.

I learned that the free boat was in the Ottawa, Ontario area and needed to be moved, hopefully before the winter. It was free and for anyone living in the area this was a great opportunity for an inexpensive way to own a classic yacht of some historical significance in its design and it was in sailable condition. Living here in western New York there were some logistics and transportation expenses to be considered. The value of this boat was much more than the cost of transportation to Buffalo, New York.

The last thing I needed was another boat, wooden or otherwise. The lovely and talented Naomi and I are currently trying to reduce the fleet, but when an opportunity opens we have to look at the big picture. Then we have to weigh the positives and negatives. The positives are this boat can be sailed in its current condition. It does need some sanding and paint but we could just sail it as is. The spars and mast are aluminum, no wood and no maintenance needed. The wooden hull,

deck and cabin have no rot found. It is strip planked and very easily repaired.

All lines can be handled from the cockpit, easy for handling. The sails are in good usable condition. It is Marconi rigged for easily setting and striking sail. There are stanchions and safety lines all around. All the basics are there. Dock lines, PFDs, fenders and the like. This boat is a classic and very seaworthy, the original once crossed the Atlantic. It has two sticks and a jib for various options for sailing conditions, and it looks so good with all sails set.

Then there were the negatives. I already have a boat that I plan to sail this coming season, a Herreshoff Eagle. What do I do with two boats? Which one should I go, if any? (Yes, Naomi, one will go for sure. I think. Maybe.) The Seabird, with its overall length of 35' will cost close to double in slip fees for the season. The hull is wood and will always need some attention. The cost of maintenance in real time and money will be higher with the Seabird over time. It has a footwell as opposed to a cockpit, for some a feeling of too much openness and possible wetness (there is coaming). There is low headroom in the cabin and the centerboard trunk dividing some of the cabin is a hindrance to some.

It doesn't have a gaff rig so some of the traditional look is altered somewhat. That is also a plus to some. To some the bowsprit and boomkin overhangs pose some maneuverability concern in close quarters, and add to the overall length and cost for dock fees. It has a steel transportation cradle for shipping and storing as opposed to a trailer. The Eagle is on a HD trailer and can be moved from the water to winter storage off marina premises. No winter storage fees. The Seabird will have some minor winter storage fees.

So, we have decided to leave it to fate. We can and will keep it, and sail it if necessary. We'll sell the Eagle I think. Maybe. But if we can find a good home for the Seabird, someone who has the resources and skills necessary to sail and maintain her, we will sell it for ONLY the cost of transportation we have invested in it, nothing more. We are looking, as Nick Smit did, for someone who will continue the stewardship of this classic yacht.

By the time of this issue's publication (March) it should be getting warmer and most of the snow will be gone. It should be easily accessible and I can have more photos available to anyone interested. I have had several inquiries from the brief mention of this in the Buffalo Maritime Center article in the January issue. The market value is much more than our cost of transport. You must also agree to sail it and not part it out.

The name of the boat is *Elmo Earlywine*, the name of the builder in Michigan. Google that name and you will find more information about the boat and the previous owner and his passing. Search and find the history of this design, its designer and the many Seabirds built. It has an interesting pedigree and history. It is also listed in the Registry of Wooden Boats. You can contact me with any questions at grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com.

Happy sails!

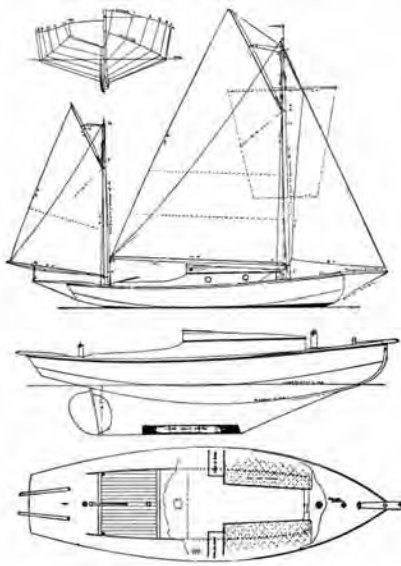


A Quick Look at the Seabird

The Rudder was founded in 1891 by a fiery small boat evangelist named Thomas Fleming Day who believed strongly in the concept of backyard building: "No Boats, No Sport, All Hands Build Hulls" was a favorite slogan of his and he published many build it yourself designs in his magazine. He also believed in practicing what he preached and in 1911 sailed one of these boats, a 26' yawl named Sea Bird, across the Atlantic from Rhode Island to Gibraltar with two companions as crew.

Sea Bird had a simple V-bottomed hull with a single hard chine on either side and was explicitly designed for ease of construction. Her plans specified two underwater configu-

rations, she could be built either with a centerboard or with a deep keel supporting 700 pounds of ballast. She also reportedly carried about 1,000 pounds of internal ballast. With her low freeboard, Sea Bird may not have looked particularly seaworthy, but Day's transatlantic voyage hushed many nay-sayers. Over the years, several hundred copies of Sea Bird were built by amateur cruisers.



SHAW & TENNEY

MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858



Makers of the world's finest
wooden oars and paddles.

Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water

800-240-4867 • SHAWANDTENNEY.COM

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

2018

Our 27th Season

Enjoy It With Us

Subscribe Now!

*Atlantic Coastal
Kayaker* will bring
you 36 pages monthly
all about sea kayaking,
8 times a year
(March through
December)

**All this
for only \$24
(8 issues)**

Like to see the next
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$24 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)
ackyak@comcast.net

Tales of *Bludgeon*

By Johnny Mac

Here is a picture book style article about my *Bludgeon*, leak free after all the abuse I put her through!

This is my supply list: Common ordinary deck and porch paint. Pressure treated wood. I dried it for several months and painted it with several coats of deck paint. I also lathered paint on any aluminum surface that would be in contact with the pressure treated material. One quarter inch stainless bolts with nylon locknuts. #10 stainless panhead square drive screws. 100% silicone caulk.

I reused wire for all the circuits. Then on her second day out I smelled something burning. I looked at the source and saw a flame off the battery box 2' away from my filled spare gas tank. Seems I had a short circuit. I traced the wire and saw a dozen places where the insulation was gone! Don't know if it was rodents or overzealous installation but I removed it all and put in brand spanking new store bought wire! Seems to be holding up!

Although I use PT lumber in an aluminum boat in salt water, so far zero issues with electrolysis.



It was love at first sight.



I was thinking she might be a little bit rough though. Hmmm, there is just the slightest possibility the deck is spongy.



Ayup, it was spongy alright! And out it came.



The foam underneath was a challenge but it was dripping like a sponge. A regulation from our government trying to save us!

Five hundre pounds of soaking wet foam would certainly have been helpful if I capsized! Not!



Progress was slow.



And ugly. Now I was getting scared!



I was concerned as the ribs looked puny compared to the Russianesque structures I was used to working with in my ex Starcrafts.

But then I realized there were a lot more of them and they shone. Some secret high-tech alloy no doubt.



I was almost done, then I decided to take the transom apart. I am not sure how the wood in a transom that was fully wrapped in aluminum could rot but it did. I could stick my finger through 1.5" of ply. Of course I admit I did use my strongest finger. She had a lot more wood in her than I thought: Five sheets of 3/4", one 14' 2"x6", three 2"x4"s. I was thinking of using fiberglass, starboard etc°, but the economics of wood won out. I am pretty sure I will outlast it at any rate and the strength to weight ratio of wood is not bad.



And here I am at my own personal public boat ramp in Morehead City. It is for boats with a max size of 16'. She is big enough to cruise the ICW on a nice day (waves under a foot), which happens often enough so I can get my fill and she goes forever on a gallon of gas.

She is an easy keeper and is the most effortless boat I have owned to launch and recover. I am worried though if I rub against an oyster on the pier and scratch her. No, I do not. A cool thing about aluminum boats, the more beat up one gets the more cachet it has among aluminum boat junkies. We are not slaves to gel coat!

Dancing Chicken and I have moved back down to the Airstream, at least for the time being. The reason? Heating problems. First of all, yes, the arches work. I've been down there a couple of times since obtaining items to bring down to the Airstream, and I think the interior is basically pretty nifty. One problem is that in the cockpit, when I turn on my portable propane heater, the area under the cockpit cover heats up quickly to a comfortable temperature. So far so good. But it doesn't stop there, and shortly thereafter I have to turn it off. Another shortly thereafter I have turned it back on again, sort of BYOT, Be Your Own Thermostat.

OK, actually that was sort of when it came time to sleep, well, that was another story. I haven't yet found a heater that I'm sure would be safe overnight in such a small space as that comprising the cabin. I could experiment, and I'm actually very fond of that experimenting thing, but in this particular case, "Try it and see what happens" left too much room for possibilities for results that I would consider non optimal, to say the least, and I had little data to draw from, since everyone I've asked says they don't know anyone else who has ever tried year rounding in an O'Day Mariner.

For a while, I just did basic winter camping, i.e., going into the cabin in the evening, covering up with several lightweight sleeping bags and some comforters and then in the morning getting up and going out into the cockpit and turning on the heater.

At some point, however, I decided that the wisest move would be back down into the Airstream. I did say "at least for the time being" and no, I haven't forgotten that I also did say "For every problem, there is a solution." Meanwhile it's winter and the site on which I am working on these various things is in Maine, so this is that which I am implementing as at least an interim solution.

The work table? Aha, the work table. I had at first thought about using a design which would entail positioning three 2"x4"s longitudinally across from one of those arm rests, (or little shelves or whatever their original function was designed to be (photo below) to the other and just installing a board for the work top. Then I realized that despite the difficulties I imagined in getting it out of the Mariner and down to the Airstream, I really, really wanted *Dancing Chicken's* original work table.



Actually, the degree of difficulty turned out to be much less than I expected (as I am finding is frequently the case). For one thing it's smaller than it was when I moved it from the Airstream up to the Mariner. I altered it while I was up there. So here it is, installed to make it adjustableish, sort of, in the Airstream. Part of why I say "sort of" is because when it was first installed in the Airstream, I'm pretty sure it was higher. This time, I'm

Dancing Chicken

A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part XIV

Copyright © 2017 Gloria Sadler Burge

realizing that there is a very important reason why I need to take into account the factor of how it will affect the window.



Before I explain the preliminary reason for this, allow me to insert an account of a recent event in which the window played a significant part. It was somewhere between 7pm and 8pm and it was about 10° above zero outside. I realize that compared to some of the weather recently, that's downright balmy, but as weather in which to be trapped outside and unable to enter the camper, not so good.

I was on my way home from church, and thankfully my friend John had come with me, to carry some boards he had cut for me. The door would not open. At first I figured it was just frozen, and I asked for John's cigarette lighter and we tried what usually works for unfreezing it. There was obviously something wrong with the mechanism so there he goes in through the above mentioned window. He forcefully convinced the door to open, after which he disabled the mechanism, to prevent it from, essentially, trying another attempt on my life at some future time (I had actually thought about removing it earlier, because of just such factors, but hadn't gotten around to it).

For the preliminary reason for wanting the window untrammelled, I quote the following segment from Part 11: "...the door I now have on the camper (I've replaced the original) is designed to slide. That way, for one thing I have more room for the work area than I would have if the door swung inward. Also, in Maine, if your door swings outward, and those little ice stalagmites collect down there at the base of the door, it can present a problem. That happened once or twice. By then, the original door thankfully had developed a certain amount of flex."

So at one point while this was going on, if someone had happened to come walking around the corner of the camper and glanced down near the bottom of the door they would have seen two arms extending out around the side of the door. The hand on one of them held a hammer, the hand on the other held a chisel, and they were busily chipping away at the ice stalagmites. On the Airstream, I've noticed that, even aside from the ice, the snow itself tends to pile up heavily against the door. I do of course have plans for a sliding door or some such alternative in the future, but in the interim, I figure it's a good idea to have a "Plan B" on hand.

Meanwhile, for help with the work table and/or its integration with the adjoin-

ing areas, I still have a piece of the loading pallet that I mentioned in Part VII that had issues due to having been recently run over by a backhoe (the pallet was not visible to the driver of the backhoe at the time, being buried under several feet of snow, but that's part of another story). Here's a shot of the referenced loading pallet.



And here's the "another story" to which I referred in the earlier backhoe anecdote. The driver of the backhoe at the time was actually in the process of doing me a wonderful little favor. When the snowplow goes by, it of course leaves a substantial berm, that for a while there I usually climbed over to get to the road. At one point, I noticed that someone had scooped a big crescent out of the berm, making it possible for me to (almost, depending on the rest of the snow situation, etc.) just stroll up to the road. I found out later that a friend of mine on the bus had asked his dad to do that for me, and he's been doing it every snowstorm since then.

Meanwhile what's left of that loading pallet is probably going to help me get things squared away here back in the Airstream so that *Dancing Chicken* can continue to progress to the point at which we are now tentatively aiming at. I present it here as sort of a pep rally style antiphonal???

"Will she splash in the spring?"

"We shall see!"



In my 20s I was able to sail an O'Day Swift wet sailer by trial and error, after only reading about tacking. I was hooked for life on sailing. In my 30s, living in New England, fortune smiled on me when I was able to take a few day trips with a friend that had a Contessa. Now I'm retired, pushing 69, and finally got my wife's permission to build a boat! I live in Minnesota, Land of 10,000 Lakes, where it is almost a crime NOT to have a boat.

They are usually sailed lying or sitting in the bottom of the boat. A utility boat from

By Mark Frost

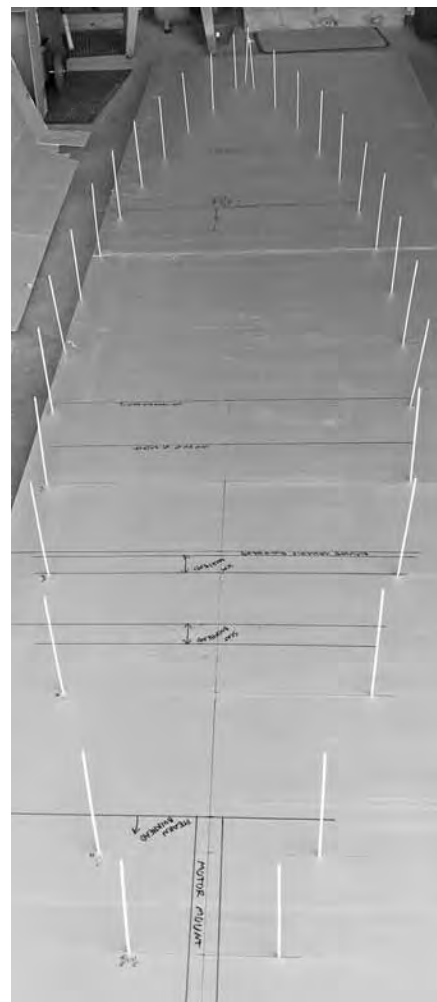
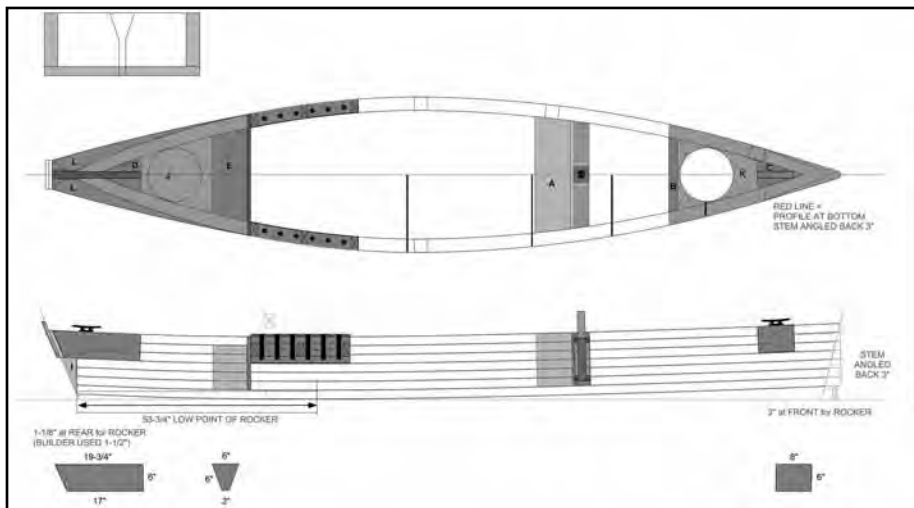
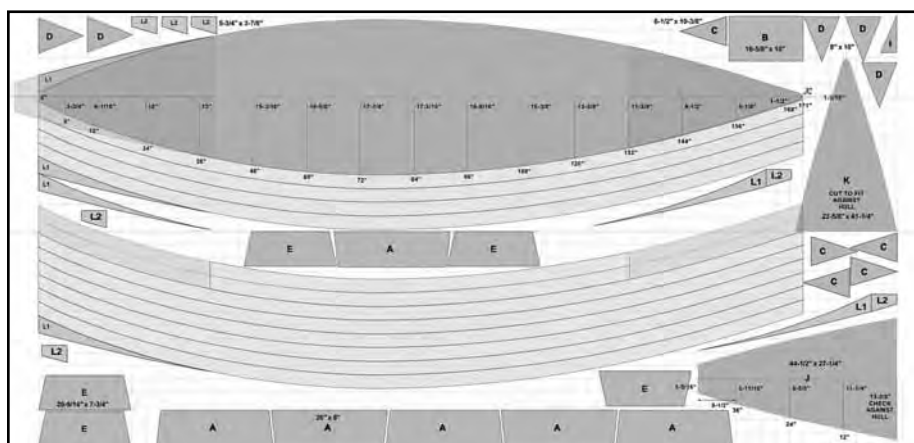
They are considered to be able to sail on very thin water, and are relatively fast for such a small sail. While sailing is what they are more known for, Duck Punts also are paddled or rowed as required.

Having previously researched teardrop trailers (stay with me here), I found the website Teardrops & Tiny Travel Trailers and information on lightweight foam construction. Within that site was a member posting as “Rowerwet” who mentioned that he was going to build a boat with the foam technique. He created an Instructable about building his design for a foam kayak named Sawfish. The wonderfully versatile Sawfish design allowed me to create, with a few modifications, a foam version of the West Mersea Duck Punt. This article details my progress on the boat and the points that are different from the Sawfish Kayak.

Dylan Winter's website has downloadable plans for the traditional wood West Mersea Duck Punt; using the dimensions from these plans and after reviewing Row-erwet's Sawfish building technique, I used my graphics program to lay out a foam duck punt design. I spent months trying different approaches and more months tweaking the design. This was all just design daydreaming because I had no idea if my wife would allow a "major" project since we live in a town-house with a small double garage. The drawings show the concept and the construction and cutting drawings, which I will endeavor to make available to those who may want to follow in my wake!

Building a Foam Duck Punt

In laying out the points for the hull curves, I first marked my centerline on the two 4' x 8' sheets of 2" thick xps foam. Because I have a drywall square, I was able to mark the sheets with a Sharpie pen before joining them with Rowerwet's Butterfly Scarf Joint, avoiding a chalk line that might disappear at the wrong time! I then marked my stations per the measurements I found for the Duck Punt and used to create my design (after converting from metric to inches). I also marked



bulkheads and the point at which the rocker of the boat would be at its lowest.

Rowerwet's instructions show marking the curve with bricks to hold a piece of PVC pipe. I used kabob skewers on either side of an 8' piece of 1/4" PVC lattice trim, which gave me a square edge to trace against. I simply moved the lattice between the skewers to get the full length. Note: since the lattice is 1/4" thick, decide ahead of time which side to trace.



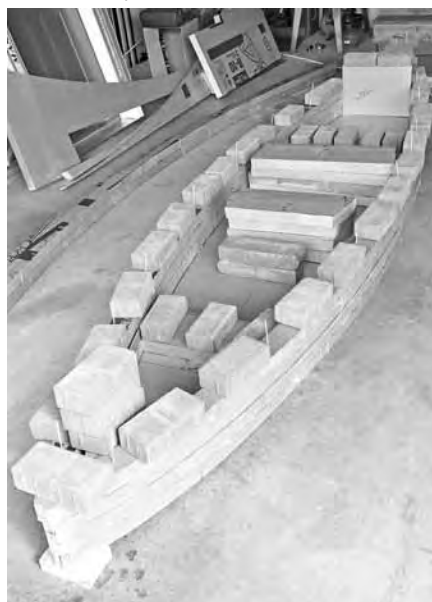
Dustless cutting can be accomplished with a knife edge jigsaw blade made for cutting foam. I found Bosch and some other brands of blades on Amazon. I bought 4" blades thinking that would be adequate for 2" material. I believe 6" blades would have worked better because the stroke of my jigsaw actually pulled the tip of the blade up into the foam, which I think caused it to wander and not cut square. I am not positive if a 6" blade would cure the problem, but if I built another boat I would buy 6" (they were almost the same price as 4").



Rough stacked pieces after cutting. It even looked like a boat at this point!



All foam to foam gluing was with Gorilla Glue. I glued the layers of the side pieces onto the trimmed out bottom of the hull. I had to buy "gravity clamps" (bricks) for about 40¢ a piece. I estimated I would need 56. I worked in the garage in humid weather because Gorilla Glue, Great Stuff and PL Premium 3X (PLP3X) adhesives all like humidity!



The rocker for the bottom of the hull was set using a piece of lumber 1-1/2" high for the stern and two pieces at a total of 3" high for the bow. The Duck Punt plans are a little vague on this so I went by measurements off the drawings as close as I could get using standard 2x lumber. As the layers get glued the curve locks into place.



Seven layers make the foam punt 14" high. The English Duck Punt is closer to 12" but with a 2" floor I wanted the inside of the boat to have the same depth as the original. Note that the aft deck extends out beyond the curve of the lower hull; the area under the deck sides will have a sculpted flare. If flared sides or the transom are not wanted, the boat can be constructed as a "double ender" similar to a canoe; the build would be much simpler this way, but I like the lines of the original duck punt.



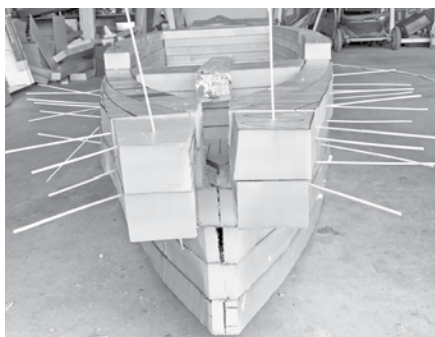
The flare parts snug up to the aft deck and the transom. Because I wanted this boat to double as a small fishing craft, I made provisions for a board to mount a sturdy transom; if powering the boat (besides wind!) is not intended, the top two or three layers of foam can be angled out like Rowerwet does with the aft of Sawfish.



At this stage of foam only hull, I wanted to weigh the result. If my bathroom scale is to be believed the foam hull weighs 23lbs! Still to be added are wood parts for transom, thole pin mounts, and mast step and partner; plus canvas, glue and paint. I also intended to add some sort of wood reinforcement to the gunwale area per Rowerwet's recommendations.



When gluing the flares, gravity clamps won't work, so lots of kabob skewers at various angles were used to lock foam into position.



Then rough cut the flares with a jab saw.



Motor board is then checked for position and marking for cut, to level it with the aft deck. Made sure it ran on the centerline and was vertically straight.



When trimmed, motor board is then glued to the hull, behind it are wedges of foam glued in to support and reinforce mounting (these will be inside the aft hatch). There are similar wedges in the bow to support a wood block for mounting a cleat. There was a cleat attached to the motor board as well.

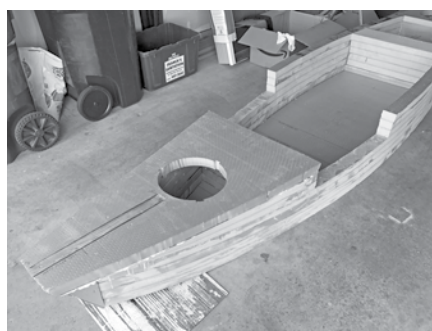


Bow is angled 3" back at bottom by cutting with a jab saw and finished by sanding a nice blunt radius. Foam does not work well with sharp edges.



On the entire boat I first knocked down the rough variations of the layers with a small belt sander with #50 grit paper and a light touch. Followed up with #50 grit wrapped around a piece of 2"x4" for a sanding block. #50 grit does a nice job of shaping foam.

The hardest thing to do is cut two big holes in the sides of the hull! These areas are where wood structures for tholepins will be constructed.

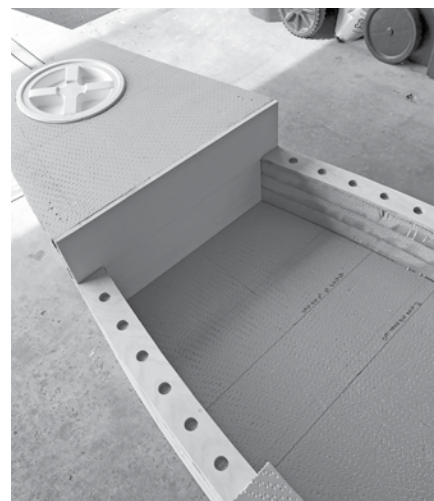
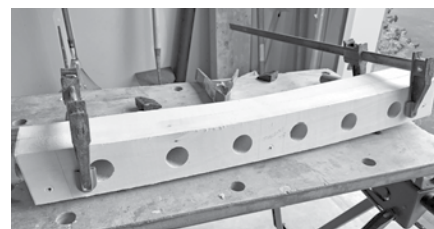


The theory is that the structures will be attached to a 1/2" ACX plywood panel that in turn is attached to the wide foam bulkhead under the aft deck; distributing the force of the oar/paddle over a broad area.

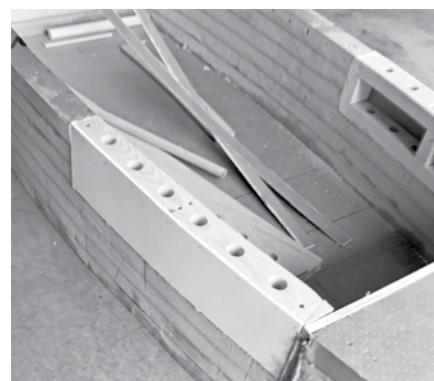


Thole structures are cut from 2"x6" lumber. Lots of weird angle cuts for the internal supports. Oak 1/2" thick was cut to fit over the tholepin mounts. The function of these pieces is to prevent wear on the gunwale when using the oar/paddle.

The holes were positioned in these pieces first and then transferred to the structure so that they would align properly. Drilled 1-1/8" holes for the 1" diameter tholepins, figuring clearance for paint and varnish. The lower board drilled only half way through. Clamped top and bottom boards together to smooth curves with a belt sander. Lots of trial fitting to the hull at this point.

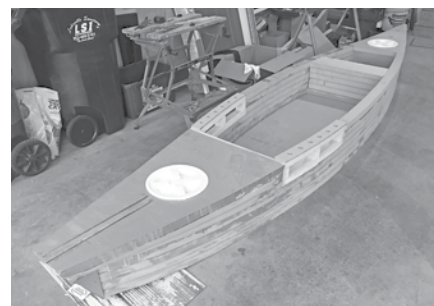


Outer surface of the tholepin structures is covered with 5mm water-resistant underlayment plywood that I happened to have lying around, 1/4" exterior plywood works as well. Lined up the plywood flush with the outer foam surface. Painted the plywood with Glidden Gripper to promote adhesion to the canvas covering. Completed tholepin structures were adhered to the hull with PLP 3X, again, with lots of "gravity clamps" stacked inside, outside and on top.



Glued the aft plywood bulkhead. Because PLP 3X expands as it cures, again, many "gravity clamps" were used to hold it in position.

The original Duck Punt design has structures for tholepins further forward also, this is so there can be multiple positions for rowing; since I do not intend to row, but paddle, I eliminated the forward structures.



Like the tholepin structures, the mast step & partner have a 1/2" ACX plywood backer that will attach to the thick stacked foam bulkhead.



The step & partner are made of 5/4 lumber. I liked the quality of the wood and the fact that it has squarer edges compared to 2X lumber.

Both the step & partner and the tholepin structures were screwed together to check fit and were disassembled, glued then reassembled and sealed with "the mix" wood preservative (75% paint thinner and 25% oil base polyurethane varnish applied in at least 4 coats).

After seeing many recommendations in various boat building reports, I used stainless screws along with PL Premium 3X (PLP3X) to glue the wood and then used the same adhesive and Rowerwet's "glue bolts" in multiple locations to attach the plywood to the foam.

Checked the mast in rough position. I am using a stair rail approximately 1-5/8" diameter by 8'. It took a lot of searching through the lumberyard stack to find a nice straight piece.



Glued the mast step and partner assembly, many "gravity clamps" were used to hold it in position. Plan to keep the clamps on for 24 hours to assure good cure. Before stacking the bricks I laid down common kitchen waxed paper to prevent the PLP 3X from adhering to the bricks.



With the wood structures complete I could still lift the boat!

On recommendation from Rowerwet, I applied vinyl edging to the bottom edges of the hull in order to prevent car top tie downs from denting the hull. The edging is the type that is used to edge sheetrock archways in home construction. The vinyl is adhered to the foam with Glidden Gripper. Regular masking tape holds it in position. A couple of areas I had to re-apply Gripper and more tape to assure a tight fit.



Once Gripper was dry, the outer surface of the vinyl was coated with Gripper as well, to promote adhesion of the Titebond II glue (TBII) and canvas covering ("Poor Man's Fiberglass").

Later I discovered that when the boat sat upside down on the sawhorses the outside gunwale got dented. I used the hot steam iron over an old towel trick to get the dents to pop out. I then applied vinyl edging on the top edge over the canvas, applied Gripper and glued another strip of canvas over the edging. Moral of the story: apply edging to both top and bottom before applying canvas.

Per Rowerwet's recommendations, added some wood reinforcement to the gunwale area on the inside of the cockpit. I used 5mm water resistant underlayment plywood, 1/4" exterior plywood would work as well. The width of the piece is 1-1/2" to match the width of the tholepin structure upper piece. The lower edge is cut at a 45° angle to make the canvas transition smoother over the wood. The reinforcement is glued and nailed to the tholepin structure and glued with PLP3X "glue bolts" to the foam. Note that the end of the reinforcement was extended about 2" and glued into the foam mast bulkhead.



End of Part 1



**Simply Messing About In Boats
Shirts & Tote Bags**

**Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote
from *The Wind in the Willows***

See our classified ad for
additional information

www.messingabout.com

Rumor Has It, Frankenwerke is Hard on Our Workforce

On the contrary, we just want everyone to achieve their full potential. In fact, we offer a full benefits program, including unlimited overtime. Simply, Frankenwerke receives the full benefits of that never ending overtime. We even provide on the job training. In order to keep up our production quotas, I go to the training and make sure everybody else stays on the job. In fact, just last year, maybe the year before, I picked up a valuable insight from our Distance Learning Center. So valuable, in fact, I have kept this gem from the rank and file employees. It's really for their own good. We had a guest speaker from Tiki U, a guy named The Lucas. I did pay close attention at the time and now will at least share this tidbit with you. Just don't be noising it around the shop, it could result in a morale problem. We could, in fact, begin experiencing an absenteeism issue. You be the judge. For a guy who doesn't have to shovel snow, that Lucas guy is pretty aware of stuff that happens.

Dave introduced me to what I'll choose to call the "Lucas Equation." It goes something like "Now that you're 90% done, you only have 90% to go." Wow, this guy knows some stuff and he doesn't even have to drive a snowplow to get time away from his more complex demands to think these nuggets up. I do hope you're 90% as impressed as I was. It's one of those "pressed" words anyway, maybe "de" or "com," one of 'em.

We're burrowed into the second 90% to go part of this boat roof thing. It's only the beginning of the beginning of this Building Season's intended projects and things are going s-l-o-w-w-w. I just may need to offer an even more robust overtime arrangement.

And speaking of mutiny, everybody was pretty bummed out when I announced the other day that, instead of bringing *MK* out from under that growing snow pile and on into the shop and dropping that lid onto some sorts of supports to begin figuring out how to make it level and stuff like that, we had to pretty much start over on the bottom, bottom of the top. I know that I yelped and this was my idea. Serious discontent, not your recreational howls of dismay.



Well, it's shift change time again, I've gotta go lock the door and make sure nobody escapes. Another opportunity for everybody to achieve their full potential.

We're innn
TRRUUHHH...buulll

A guy I correspond with now and then about boat stuff asked a sorta difficult question. "What is the designed snow

The View from AlmostCanada by Dan Rogers

load on *Miss Kathleen's* top?" I'm thinking that my answer was not very enlightening, "Design?" That was never part of that idea, she's always been under a shed roof in the winter and this white stuff that seems determined to pile up on our parade route is wet, heavy and still falling. I guess you could say that today of all days is that one where we in *AlmostCanada* finally give up and accept the coming of winter.

The demise of Daylight Saving Time was last night on the mid watch after the night shift booked. No stopping those guys, they all stammered something about needing to get roads plowed. Can't actually blame anybody, I was out with *Alice* for a couple of hours last night myself.

That shift just melted away, like the Wicked Witch of the West when Dorothy spilled a bucket of water on 'er. "Melting...mel...ting...mel..." So anyhow, I've been reevaluating things this morning and I've actually discovered another way to look at things. Not all that preposterous, finally the solution to undermanning and overtasking, the answer to every manager's prayer. A LONGER WORKDAY! Today actually has 25 HOURS. How 'bout that?

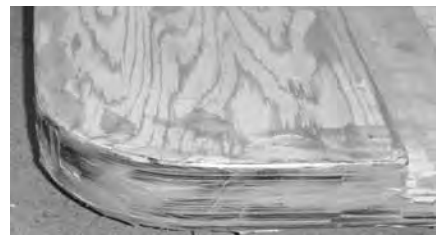
We shift from Daylight Time to Standard Time, alluhtime. We just have to remember which way to twiddle the clock hands (that is, if your clock actually has hands, I suppose). There is another kinda time that keeps creeping into my own discourse more and more these days, I don't really use a clock for this one. In fact, I can't dial it back and forth, not a minute. Time zones don't matter much either, it has its own zone as these things go. I call it WUZZUH time. We sort of use calendars for recording this time change, more we use birthdays.

Wuzzuh time, I ran regular 25 hour days. Now it seems reasonable to take breaks to eat and even to sleep. Just yesterday at the lumber yard I was telling the kid, who had to cut my plywood order into half sheets so I can handle 'em on the table saw, about wuzzuh time. "Wuzzuh time, I could pick up a couple of these sheets and walk about a half mile from the parking lot, down the long pier to my boat..." I doubt that kid either had ever actually walked down a pier or could give a flip about this old guy's silly stories. After all, isn't that why God gave us the forklift?

One of the big reasons this unexpected 25 hour work day is so handy is that we're waiting for the courtship rituals of the 'Pox People. These PPs live in plastic tubs, they mix up and fill my divots and oh wows. They don't seem too anxious to tie the knot with other PPs who have cold hands. So the room both has to be warm and even then they seem to take longer if I watch. And there's a whole lot of this goop that I have had to spread around lately. Actually, I couldn't spread it around until today, there wasn't a place to put it until last night. I seem to have changed the design again.



It'll be better, I think. I really hadn't figured out how water was going to be allowed to land on the roof and not slide over the edges. So the bottom of the top got a whole different thing going. If this was a dirt house we could call it a soffit. Dunno what the Real Boat Builder Guys call it, I'll just call it a drippyplace. And the drippyplace had to follow some curves, slopes and lousy places to attach things to.



Hence the fairing glop, hence my anxious wait. If I don't actually change the shop clock for a while longer today I'll still have an extra hour before Jim comes over to help me "flip my lid." I can't paint until I can sand. I can't sand until the PPs begin to give up on that courtship stuff and settle down to shackling up. So you begin to see.

Plucking Failure From the Jaws of Success

Actually that's a bit harsh, we do have a whole box of cedar shavings and a whole pile of long, skinny boards to show for this afternoon. And we've gotten sawdust and sanding dust just about everywhere from hell to breakfast. We must be doing something. I got a note from Mississippi Bob today. Bob's a Real Boat Builder Guy. He's probably built more boats than most people have even seen. Bob, even uses p-l-a-n-s, I have on very good authority.

So when Bob dropped me that note and said that he was having trouble discerning my plan, or if I even had one, I figured it was time to reconsider a few of the considerations. I should sp'leak sp'lain. Do I have a plan, you say? Why yes, it's written on the shop dry erase board, the very same board that is currently behind a stack of MDO and cedar off cuts and written in my less than clear hand no less.

The whole deal is to get *MK* inside the shop for a major rework for the winter Building Season. I also want to keep her on the trailer for the most of those operations. That should be a lot more stable than the birthing cart we used a couple of Building Seasons

ago. So Bob asked a very reasonable question, "How will the boat be that much shorter when you cut the old cabin off and put the new one on?" Actually, I have no earthly idea how tall the new cabin will end up and that's probably why Bob wondered if I really had a plan. Well, once we get past the roll up doors there is a continuous NINE FEET of glorious headroom throughout the shop. We sit right about 8 1/2' off the pavement right now. The roll up doors are an immutable 8'. The boat is "only" 7 1/2' from head to toe (off the trailer and in the movable cradles) right now. I expect it to be a couple of more inches less with the new lid in place and we may drop the cabin floor for 2"-3" (which is more, less) to allow for an even lower lid top. It all probably will work out just fine probably.

We'll have to "slip into something less comfortable" for the 50' from the service bay to sunlight. That will likely be the combination of devices that have been standing around for months now, waiting to bring her in. Call me a dithering coward if you must, I just didn't want to do what I'll have to do on the way out on the way in too. Sort of a "Why do now what I can put off doing until February?" sort of conundrum. In the meantime, she'll be firmly ensconced on *Mr Tom* and, if need be, we can do the lifting deed in place and slip the trailer out earlier if things like bottom fairing/patching get bubbled up to the top of the punch list. There is a sort of "grounding shoe" that I want to put under the keel. It might slip in (on the trailer) as is. Maybe not.

That's the "plan" as we think we know it.

A New Chapter

I do tend to lose track but it seems like it's been a couple of weeks. Finally the new boat lid is flipped and pretty close to ready to land more or less where it's intended to live. I have been fretting, worrying and outright obsessing on how this thing was supposed to make a transition to this.



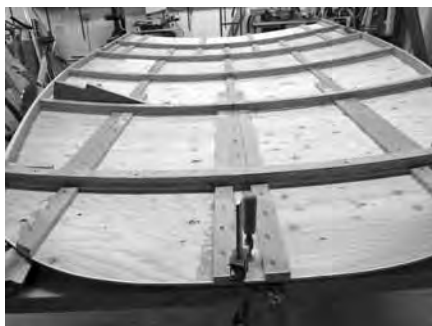
Through a number of stages. First it got longer.



And heavier.



After a while, I managed to turn it over without breaking either it or me, although we both got a few bruises.



Then we continued to get heavier and heavier.



Until things got boxed in and sealed up, until they began to get boxed up and sealed in. Maybe both.



Meanwhile that early November snow kept piling (that would be up) and the lid went to "hair and makeup," getting ready for the next big show.



And, no doubt, the patient has gotten a lot less patient. Cold, wet and heavy stuff.



Over the past week or more I've asked Jim to come over and help me flip this thing. Then I'd call back and say I'm close. No cigar, but close. Finally last night I said, "I'm ready, pretty much." What followed is a thing of rare beauty. The top will look OK, too. No, the operation went like a monkey down a greased rope, two guys, two hours.



Eight feet off the floor, level, stable, ready to back in the boat.



Yep, almost!

Sometimes We Have to Make Adjustments

Some things turn out just as awful as you expect, maybe even awfuller. I had to stand on a snow slicked up ladder and chatter that reciprocating blade around the perimeter of *MK's* deckhouse today. I've been fretting and worrying and pondering this evolution for months now. Most of that planning didn't include snow and cold fingers. Somehow things were supposed to go smoothly.

At first I was "careful," then the need to get'er done took over. There were so many hidden screws and nails in this substructure that I just decided to have at it.





And just about everything I was worried about came true. The old top, the one I started making by bending a few sheets of Styrofoam over a trailer tongue held in camber with the help of a set of mounted snow tires a bunch of winters back. That one. It had absorbed a bunch of weight. Certainly a lot of that came with the framing and extra cladding but I suspect that that foam is really full of water. That poor thing has been leaking for a long time. No doubt it's wet in there, probably real wet.

Too heavy to even lift. Mongotious! But that's probably an encouraging thing. The new top is made with plywood and will start out a lot heavier than this one started out. I guess we already were carrying the weight just fine.



It can't stay here, we've got other fish to fry just now like getting boat and trailer wedged back into the service bay.

Like a 4,500lb Teeter Totter

And there's that little thing of needing all that residual snow and ice to melt and form another Prehistoric Lake Missoula on the shop floor. That's still going on at the moment. Gotta pull the tires off and set'er down onto the vehicle movers to eke out almost enough room under the shop ceiling to put that new lid in place.

Some of these things revert to pure experimentation. I have to get the boat and trailer just as close to the floor as possible when this top goes back together and it's time to slip back out of the door. Well, we'll have to be just as low down, snake in the grass, as we can get.

This particular operation is one of those ones that I have sort of figured would not be "too hard." But admittedly, laying one side of a trailer on the ground while the other side still has tires attached sort of worried me as it devolved. I only have one floor jack with enough oomph to jack this rig up. Note to self, get another jack for the climb back up. I had absolutely no baseline info as to how far out of the vertical this thing can get without rolling over.



Sooooooo... I brought it down in stages, lotsa dragging of jacks and jack stands and dunnage and stuff back and forth until we were finally sitting on the vehicle movers. Whew. Next up, cauterizing that wound.



We're talking a matter of less than inches. Jim came over to direct me and *Alice*. We jostled and prodded. It'll all go pretty soon. The new top still needs to be positioned for the correct height and orientation but it's sort of "up there."



I think the cabin sole has to drop by about another three inches, too. Stuff to do, stuff to do. No broken eggs, no omelets. Looks like we're in for the winter.



Itza Lottaguzzinta

Jim and I carefully and painfully got that damn boat lid into place a couple of days ago. I made some temp supports and lowered it into where I thought it should go. And then it fell over, the lid. Turns out it's really heavier than I want to be lifting and putting supports under, working alone anyway. It's only the leavings of about three sheets of plywood. Maybe it's another way to define that old adage about the simile of a ship in irons and a sailor recently departed of his pay and sobriety. Three sheets to the wind.

The results of tipping things over is that after about a day of hard work we are just about back to where we were a day ago. There are still a bunch of things to iron out, lots of morning meetings yet. But I think I actually "saw" how this is going to go back together and now that I actually KNOW how heavy that lid really is, our board of directors here at Frankenwerke has made a decision. Since it's so damn heavy, we're gonna lift it off and put it back on a couple of more times.



Sounds like one of those pronouncements from on high, like keep popping up on the TV this weekend. It's Veterans Day, lotsa war movies. You know the ones, a bunch of guys go through complete hell (in our case, it's just more awfulness than expected) to take a hill. At least they got to the top. And now some brass hat back in the rear with the gear decides they should make a "retrograde advancement." That's what our powers that be have decided, we are gonna make this thing fit and then take it off again. I'm hoping there is more to it than that. I'm pretty sure there is. Just one of the guzzintas.

It's a Matter of Pheromones

Somebody simply has to step up and be the Lead Ant. Somebody just has to quit worrying about all the wunderwhuts and start out. That same guy has to open his mouth and say, "Let's go this way, it'll be OK. We'll find the fingeritows as we go along. Aw'right! Move out!" Somebody gotta do it. As I went around the table this morning absutootly nobody else was willing to pick a plan and get to getting. The pheromone supply has been a bit reduced of late.



I did have a small inspiration that could turn to basic NWIH (no way in hell). We're sort of leaning on our hoe and waiting for the weeds to sprout at the moment. I allowed an old player to tryout again, Mr Gorilla Glue. I managed to stick the first four or maybe five of the Frankenbots together with the goop. In many ways it held better than the PL. There will be 'pox'n glass later on in this forced march but at the moment we need something that sticks quickly. Anyhow, I let Mr G run a few patterns. So far he seems to be able to catch 'em. We'll see if he can hold onto 'em. Here's the ant track as I see it.



The "foundation" for the deckhouse needs to get wider so it can get longer. I think I read about that back in Economics 101. The original sheer and adjacent deck is pretty substantially sloped both inboard and fore and aft. It's what they call a "sweet curve." I suspect this came from W.I.B. Crealock's drafting board. He had a good eye for that stuff. Now, 60 years later, I'm trying to find a compromise curve. It has to sort of mediate the difference of my already made lid, the base foundation and the outboard plan view. That and there's this pheromone thing. We simply had to get started.



This apparatus should take shape pretty quickly, that is, if Mr G pans out. What is supposed to happen is a base angle of 20° that morphs down to 15° further aft. We'll smooth things out with battens made out of 1/2" MDO. Those battens will also allow for setting the newly formed deck edge at the same plane as the old "window sill." That

plane seems to pretty closely approximate the current water plane, and, of course, all we had to go on back two years ago was the original cockpit sole and a lot of guesswork. It will still determine a lot when the Dinty Moore supplies are loaded. Tilt 'n lean is a mean bedfellow, worse shipmate.

Time to get back out there and see if Mr G is still hanging onto that last Statue of Liberty pass. Nothin' fancy, still gonna take everybody's efforts to get past the line of scrimmage.

When You Realize You're In a Hole, Stop Digging!

Maybe that should read, "Stop gluing." A bazillion boats ago I tried to "simply" raise the boot top by a couple of inches by "simply" measuring up from the old one. The Real Boat Builder Guys will instantly understand how that "simply" don't work. What I got was this wave pattern in my waterline. I suppose that's why the seams on the football have to go in that arc to make only part of the football larger just ain't a happening thing, not if you like the way it's shaped in the original. We here in the Frankenwerke Design Department have run up against that very same thing. Sadly, not for the first time, probably not the last. Some wiseacre on the night shift grabbed a bunch of pieces and sticks to try to get the angles and planes figured out. Not a totally bad idea, just not a very pretty one.



We're pretty much stuck with the way we made that damn boat lid. We couldn't decide how long to make it so we "simply" made it too long by a couple of feet and then figured to either move it forward or aft, depending. I'm sure somebody knew things would get confusing. I'm also pretty sure that same guy DIDN'T KNOW how cotton pickin' hard it would be to get it up and down for trial fittings. The old lid was made out of air, wrapped up in styrene bubbles. It got heavy later on. This one started out heavy, so...

Once it got to about the "right spot" we went ahead and institutionalized the location and that seems to be the nexus right now. It has to be held up there with stuff that blends with the already there elements, the ones we didn't already cut off anyway. Sort of like trying to mount a shoebox lid on that football and make it look like it was always supposed to be there.

My second grade teacher really explained this best the day she taught cartography. This is why Mr Mercator had to make Greenland so much bigger than the locals ever really wanted it to be. And now that I think about it, maybe sticking a candle up inside a world globe would be the way to do this trick. Probably a flashlight would work better. We'll let you know.

Well, I'll Be a Monkey's Uncle!

After a few choice expressions that my sophomore English teacher, Mrs Bochmeyer, would likely have labeled "scatological inequalities," I ripped the whole thing off. Gorilla Glue, my shoe! Didn't hold even enough to be a temporary fix. OK, if humility is the object lesson here, then I am bumping the stratosphere with elation. What a mess. Our staff photographer took one look, put his camera back in his pocket and got to work picking up all the chunks and pieces that I tossed helter skelter on the floor.

Speaking of humility, Mean Gene from the west coast of Missouri told me to start anew and not to try to redo something I had already more or less perfected. He said it would be easier. Gene would be right. In fact, a guy I hired to help me with the cabin amputation quit after 15 minutes, he said it was a bad idea and he wasn't going to have anything to do with the project. No, I didn't thank him, but even when it's a bad idea there are times when it's probably the best of the litter. This would be one of those, we'll be OK, it'll all work out.

We just started over, that's all. It has to do with this thing the engineer types refer to as "wracking moment," something like that. I got to fretting about how this replacement for the Superdome might fare when the boat is gyrating around, even when it's tossed around a bit on the trailer. And there's another thing I have to deal with, it really will have to come off before the boat can leave the shop, then, it'll have to be reattached. That takes this thing to a whole new nadir. We've already gotten a few sticks in place, nothing worth taking pictures of. It'll work out.

Jamie the Seadog came out to see what the racket from the Moaning Chair was all about. Mostly, he seemed to wonder why I hadn't been in to play catch with him all day. He did a short inspection of the shop and then let it be known that I had "responsibilities." Yeah boy, howdy!



This particular night shift has been focused on attempting the ol' Simplicite and Add Lightness Ritual. Sometimes it's just what the doctor ordered. Can't say how much lightness we've added, always a moving target. We did simplicate up a storm out there tonight. After tossing two day shifts and a night shift in the barrel, it was pretty much alright to start over. And start over we did.

There's a new way to detach and re-attach the lid. It'll be supported down aft with a sort of box beam arrangement flush with the existing foundation. It got too hard to anticipate where the supports might land with that curved and tapered lid. There will be an additional 8" of headroom over the berth forward. That will be real nice. And the aft bulkhead will migrate about 16" further aft. This should leave room for a sort of head compartment and room for a small refrigerator on opposite sides of the door. Depends upon how much the existing cabinets get cut down.

This is a mockup to get angles and planes and curves figured out. Again, simplification can be a real good thing. And adding lightness.



Move Furniture Often Enough You End Up Where You Started Out

And thinking back, it took a long time to get to that starting point. In Frankenyears, 24 months is just about long enough to fly to Mars. That's how long ago it was when we fussed and fumed over how to make the original cabin top parallel with the horizon. That big hunk a' cedar 2"x6" was set with something I called "genius brackets" at the time. Those logs sit atop rather thick and substantial coamings that are made up of Styrofoam sheets cut and shaped under skins of 1/4" ply and that under layers of 'pox and glass. Through scads of iterations, those foundations have maintained the near -3° inward slope that keeps the cabin from appearing quite so boxy. I also, used a "dazzle paint" trick of my concoction to disguise some of the more angular aspects of this edifice.



Once the underpinnings are set we will do something similar again. Different certainly, but similar. Which sort of brings us back to the original layout, just bigger and, I hope, more waterproof. Simplificate. Simplificate, add lightness and simplicate! And so we did. It actually looks like we have the slopes and angles and fastenings and stresses (mostly) accounted for.



It's an old bugaboo but I just can't get back far enough to show the whole boat and still see the whole boat. Our shop has appurtenances.



This sorta shows the back porch addition and the forward berth overhead raising. It's always a game of inches. Sooner or later those temporary shores will need to be replaced with the "quick disconnects" that will allow the lid to be pulled and replaced once we see daylight again. That will no doubt be months from now.



The pitch and timbre are beginning to sound much more consistent.



Now, That's a Good Question

I had dinner last night with a group of guys who sort of keep track of the stuff going on over here at the Frankenwerke. Some of 'em read my stories, or at least look at the pictures. Some ask about it now and then. I'll be the absolute first to admit how the antics encountered hereabouts can appear pretty outrageous. No dissembling there but when the dinner table conversation turns to "Dan's latest..." the group morphs into a conflation I tend to think of as the "Whydoncha/howcumya Society." I do appreciate the interest. I really appreciate folks taking the time to actually attempt to make some sense of this operation and still offer constructive criticism. I really do. But my restaurant companions are only a microcosm.

Real problem solvers abound, guys who quest after the elusive figgeritowt are literally everywhere. You probably know somebody like that, folks who have discovered that not everything can be found by goog'limit. In fact, I just got a note from our very own Bard of Bradenton. He asked, in part, if I just was looking for something to do. I figure that Dave was only jacking me up, a bit, gallows humor, where he certainly knows the punch line. He has more guys around the Tiki Table than I usually do at Frankenwerke. Even though the sign over the door at the Tiki Hut says something like, "Don't even dare to try to help," I've got a hunch they do, in fact, do what they can to help each other out.

What is it we few Frankenbuilders and one off creators of floating things are trying to actually do? I'll say that one of my biggest objectives is to get something pretty cool on my boat trailer that I could actually afford. I gave up on those glossy boat magazines years ago, back when a new 14' sailboat cost more than a new car. Where's the thrill in gawking at boats nobody I'll ever meet can afford? Hence, Frankenbuilding and its attendant offshoots, offshoots like the Howcumya Society. I regularly share launching ramps and parking lots with rigs that will retail for north of a hunnert kay. Guess whose boat gets all the attention. Sometimes I think I could name the next one, "Chewmakethat?" And maybe that's a reasonable question.



Lifeboats...a Sequel

As a sort of wrapup for the recent issue features about the history of lifeboats, we decided to bring you this feature which recently appeared in a biweekly online newsletter the USCG sends to us, embellished with a few action photos.

The USCG 52' Motor Lifeboat

The United States Coast Guard operates four 52' Motor Lifeboats, which supplement its fleet of 227 47' Motor Lifeboats. These vessels were built in 1960 and displace 32 tons. The four vessels are all stationed in the Pacific Northwest.

The 52' Motor Lifeboats have documented unmatched seakeeping abilities, but they also have the endurance to reach the 200 mile Exclusive Economic Zone and the towing power to assist any member of the Pacific Northwest commercial fishing fleet, which makes Washington and Oregon the ideal home for this historic asset.

The parameters in which the 52' MLBs can operate and respond in allow the river bars and ports in the Pacific Northwest to remain open in almost any normal sea and weather conditions, to tens of millions of dollars worth of commerce each day.

Technical Details

Length 52' - Beam 14' 7" - Draft 6' 11" - Displacement 75,715lbs

Cost \$235,927 - \$259,163

Speed Max 11 knots

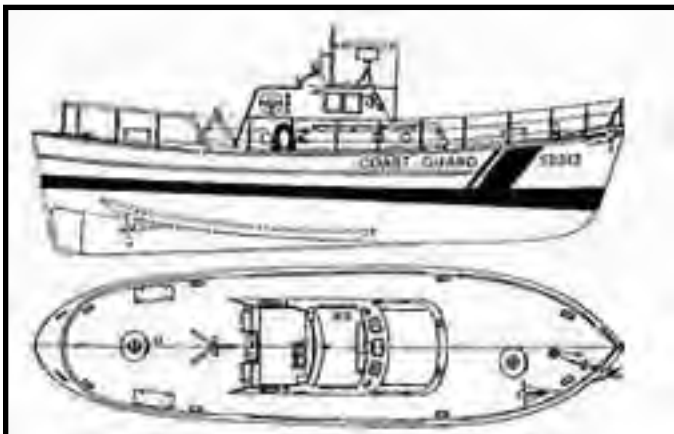
Range Max Speed: 495 miles - Cruising Speed: 640 miles

First Built 1956

Crew 5 (1974)

Engines 2x150hp General Motors 6-71 diesels

Construction Steel hull, aluminum superstructure



About 20 years ago I discussed this group of innovative small boaters in my June 15, 1996 "Commentary" after a visit to a meeting of the New England Chapter of the UK's Amateur Yacht Research Society in Newport, RI, which I attended in connection with my then infatuation with multihulls. This all came back to me when I recently came upon a small carton of the AYRS Journals (40 of them) from the 1950s-'60s in our barn attic (now with 60 years of stuff too good to toss out but not otherwise of immediate interest or need).

Scanning through a random selection I found my dormant interest in radical thinking applied to small boat design rekindled. So I decided to revive this subject today by first reprinting that "Commentary" and following it with a randomly selected reprint of a couple of articles on trimaran designs from 1962 to illustrate the thinking (and building) of these amateur yacht designers.

And so, herewith from my "Commentary" in *MAIB*, June 15, 1996:

"I continue to marvel at the ongoing variety of small craft concepts that come in from readers and designers. It's obvious that there is a lot of individual creativity out there in small boat land. Now my recent visit to the Amateur Yacht Research Society's spring meeting of the New England Chapter in Newport, RI brought me in touch with those who seem to be, as I characterized it in my report in this issue, "Out at the Leading Edge".

Indeed. While the program featured a couple of fairly conventional concepts, like doubling up a pair of baidarkas to make a catamaran (conventional?) and using a rather conservative small power cruiser as a research vessel, another offering was certainly way out there at that leading edge.

Bill Russell's Flarecraft is pretty major stuff for a small group of eccentric boat nuts to be scrutinizing, for it's aimed at serious commercial production as an alternative sort of commuter boat, one that doesn't even touch the water once underway. It flies. But it's not a plane for it cannot get more than a few feet up off the water on its "ground effect" wings before the lift fades away. Russell has built several prototypes (this is not a backyard boat shop sort of design) and showed us a short video of his "boat" flying along at 100mph 3' over the water.

Why not just make it a plane and be done with it, it will cost as much as a small plane (about \$200,000 right now)? Because an airplane design intended for commercial production and sale faces a huge array of tough FAA standards, while a boat is much easier to get approved by the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard has approved the Flarecraft as a boat.

So, okay, where do we draw the line? Or need we? All this leading edge stuff seems to boil down pretty much to a quest for speed over the water. Speed, i.e., saving time, has always been a human goal and at sea it has been "to the fastest goes the prize". The advent of aviation took speed way beyond anything that watercraft could ever dream of achieving, but still today the elapsed time for a merchant vessel to make its trip is a factor in the making of money, mankind's apparent reason for being. Looking at speed in recreational boating, my recent focus on trimarans revealed that a major appeal of these boats was speed. Dick Newick (who despite being a very professional designer is an enthusiastic supporter and member of the "amateur"

Another Look at the AYRS

Amateur Yacht Research Society

By Bob Hicks

AYRS) explains his dedication to multihulls by saying, "I want to sail!" That is, sail fast enough even to make his own wind as he goes. No trundling along cocked over on one ear in a floating home for Newick.

So now at this AYRS gathering, where speed is a central issue of the design concepts advanced, I find a man who has lifted his boat right off the water altogether once it gets underway. But only far enough to still qualify as a boat as far as regulations for its use are involved. If it flies like a plane and looks like a plane, I think of it as a plane. But it will be marketed as a boat.

Aside from the semantics of this, I have to admit that flying low over the water appeals to me as likely to be a pretty exciting experience. When I was taking flying lessons long ago we had to climb to 1,000' elevation upon taking off. But I found the most excitement came when we practiced emergency landings down there close to the ground with the trees and landscape flashing by 100' or less below. The detachment that elevation brings was gone and we were back close to familiar turf, passing over it oh so fast, over all obstacles. But you can't do that just for fun in a plane.

So I could enjoy this sort of thing but I don't think of it as boating. And, of course. I could never afford to play this way. So, falling back into a more conservative small boater role I have to ask, how will this sort of thing be received by the boating community? Obviously this sort of "flying boat" will have to stay on the surface at modest speeds in areas where a lot of boat traffic exists. Maybe something like the "No Wake" signs will have to be posted, "No Flying". Once clear of congestion, one would take off but still I foresee conventional boats out there having this "plane" suddenly come upon them at 100+mph 3'-4' over the water. I don't think this will be well received.

I have to admit that something like the Flarecraft is a logical extension of the quest for speed, a quest that still sees huge sums of money poured into antiquated design concepts to gain fractions of a knot in boat speeds that still are pretty poky. America's Cup yachting is the obvious example, how silly can you get, millions of dollars for fractions of a knot. It's okay for those who want to play this way, but no wonder the public doesn't find it very interesting. Only when there's a sinking.

So do we need to draw the line about what is a boat? Not for all of us chasing after novel ideas on getting more rewards from messing about on the water, of course. But when any concept that introduces significant potential for user conflicts and safety problems arrives and is seriously promoted for marketing, maybe it's time to draw a line.

The old resentment between sailors (here first) and stinkpotters (noisy and faster) has been kept within the bounds of mostly the hurling of epithets and by regulation, mostly of the motor craft.

The new resentment directed by both sailors and motor boaters towards the jet ski

because of its speed and maneuverability is still amendable to some sort of management of use to minimize the problems that can arise.

What will happen about "flying" boats remains to be seen. The hovercraft, which flies on a cushion of air close to the water (or level ground, like marshes!) has been ostracized in many areas, even though it is not particularly fast. They cannot even be registered for use as motorboats in some areas at all. Why not? Socially unacceptable. Noisy, noisy! And disrespectful of the boundaries between water and land.

I guess I'd say a "boat" is a vehicle that travels on the water in contact with that water. The nature of water helps to hold down the extremes of speed that can bring trouble. Once contact is broken the craft becomes an "air" craft. Different rules apply."

Flarecraft

Reprinted from www.marinetalk.com
8/15/2000

It flies but it's not a plane. It floats but it's not a boat. It's called the Flarecraft and it is one of a new breed of hybrid craft known as "wing in ground effect" vehicles. Skimming along just above the surface of the water, the Flarecraft relies on the cushion of high-pressure air that forms below its stubby wings. This allows the craft to skate along at an altitude of a few feet with very little drag.

Ground effect occurs at an altitude within about 1/3 to 1/2 of a craft's wingspan. Here the air rushing beneath the wings slows down, leading to the pressure beneath the wings building up, in turn producing lift.

A ground effect craft is the best of both the airborne and nautical worlds. It performs better than a plane because there is less turbulence to create drag on the wings and it's quicker and more efficient than a boat because there is no water friction. The Flarecraft is a 5-seater. It is already flying in Los Angeles, Miami and St Louis, but its makers envisage its biggest market will be as a small, quick commuter, ferrying tourists to and from resort islands. Other Wing-in-Ground Effect vehicles are currently being developed in Australia and Germany.





AMATEUR YACHT RESEARCH SOCIETY

President

HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh KG KT OM GBE QSO

Trimarans 1962

By John Morwood

This year we are able to present more originality in the trimarans we describe than ever before. Last year, it seemed as if the trimaran design was becoming finalized. This year, we are not too sure.

The Main Hulls

The slim hull is still the preferred shape but the continuation of the right angled "V" up to deck level is shown by *Trident* (Robert Harrelson). Dean Kennedy, however, uses a wider hull and smaller floats, those being of slim aerofoil shape.

The Floats

These are now long and of great buoyancy (G. S. Yorke and Arthur Piver) or short and slim (Dean Kennedy, George Dibb and G. Holloway). Short, fat floats are only to be found in J. Sidgwick's small trimaran (where they were not thought to be a success) and Anderson's *Shark*. The method of retraction of the *Shark* floats is very astute and useful, however. Asymmetry of the short thin floats is used by George Dibb, Dean Kennedy and Owen Dumbleton but centreboards, apparently, cannot be avoided. The keel angle of the floats appears to be less than 90° for best sea kindliness and one wonders if the "Sewer Section" would be the ideal.

Trimaran Speeds

Though several claims to speeds greater than that of the *Shearwater* have been made, one feels that so far, the trimaran has not yet clearly shown itself to be equal to the catamaran in speed.

Trimaran Accidents

The accidents to *Nimble Eve* and the *Nugget* should be noted. Both were due to minor defects and human error. The Tri-Scaph Configuration.

This was used by Hugh Barkla and J. E. Moorcroft without success. We now have it used by LeRoy Malrose with a claim to speed. We precede this letter by an article on American ice yachting because of the obvious analogy, and because it may lead to new ideas.

A Miniature Trimaran

By J. Sidgwick

Leigh Cottage, Freshford, Bath, Somerset

LOA 11'6"

Hull Beam 2'6"

Mast Height 14'6"

Freeboard to Gunwale 6"

Freeboard to Coaming 9"

Weight of Bare Hull 40lbs

Weight of Float 7lbs

Weight of Mast, Boom, Rudder, Keel 24lbs

Total Weight 100lbs

The basis of this craft was one of Messrs. Kitboats (now Esa Marine) 11'6" plywood paddling canoe kits. It has a pleasing hull form with hard chines but a rounded bottom and with very little drag.

Founding & Purpose

The A.Y.R.S. was founded in June, 1955 by the bringing out of publication No. 1. This act, combined with publicity in the yachting magazines caused interested people to write to me. The response was great enough to cause the series to continue. At this stage, of course, there was no formal organization at all.

In December, 1955, there was a meeting of a few members at my house and a Committee was formed but owing to the essentially simple nature of the Society at that time, no meetings were held during the year.

In September, 1956, however, the Society had grown to such an extent that a considerable sum of money was involved in the publishing, so at a meeting at my house, attended by a barrister and an accountant, a Constitution was adopted. At that time, the A.Y.R.S. was running at a loss which I was paying myself and, in order to avoid the possibility of members becoming liable for it, we wrote into the Constitution that all subscriptions should be payable to me and that I would supply the publications to the members and meet any costs that arose. This Constitution is still in force.

The A.Y.R.S. Background

Very recent history has shown several times over that yacht research is very hard to buy. The professional in any field needs a high salary which the yachtsman apparently is not prepared to pay, now commercial firms pay it. Then, when the work has been done, the results are either kept secret (which is usual) or the material is published in such abstruse terms that it is useless to the common yachtsman.

The A.Y.R.S. was formed so that the amateur yachtsman could do research into problems which interested him and so that he had a forum which would publish his researches couched in terms he could understand. All the relevant research can be done, with our test tank and wind tunnel and some other very simple apparatus.

During construction, strong doubling pieces were added to the gunwale stringer amidships as attachments for the outrigger beam, which consists of a 2" thick sandwich of marine ply separated by stringers and webs; the whole making a light, strong, torsionally stiff and buoyant box. It is bolted with four brass bolts to two plywood distance pieces (to hold it clear of the cockpit coaming) and these are similarly bolted to the gunwales.

The floats are attached by quickly-detachable fittings to either end of the beam. They are of 10" square section mounted on edge to give a 90° underwater form. They taper to a blunt point forward and have a flat transom. Construction is very simple, of plywood. Originally the floats were 4'6" long but were subsequently shortened by a foot to make them more easily stowed in a car. This was a mistake; they should have been considerably longer and of smaller section.

Daggerboards were originally fitted, one to each float, inclined inwards at 45° so that they lay flush with the outer lower face of the boat. They were of asymmetric section, flat side outward. The intention was that, using the leeward board, a righting moment would be produced.

A single loose footed mainsail, bought second-hand, was fitted to a simple pole mast. No halyard is used, the sail being set before the mast is stepped. The mast is stepped on the forward point of the canoe's cockpit coaming, beneath which is a plywood bulkhead giving a substantial strongpoint to take the mast thrust. Shrouds go well outboard on the forward edge of the outrigger beam and the forestay goes to the stem. A simple drop rudder is used.

In this configuration she sailed well, being nicely balanced but she was not very fast owing to the very moderate sail area (about 30sf). She was not very easy to put about as, being so light, she carries very little way and the gymnastics involved in simultaneously raising one dagger board and lowering the other were extreme. This year, a single centre-line dagger board has been fitted in a box in the hull and this is much handier.

A slightly larger sail has now been fitted and in a strong wind she seems quite fast, though this impression is aided by her very small size. In a chop, quite a lot of water comes aboard and in a gust, if one is not careful, the lee float digs in and slews the boat off the wind, though one soon gets used to the onset of this and can avoid it by easing the sheet.

The lessons I have learned in this first try into design and construction are:

(1) In a craft of this size, all the righting moment needed can be gotten by sitting out, and angled asymmetric foils are not worth the bother.

(2) Even a small float gives immense stability due to its distance from the centreline.

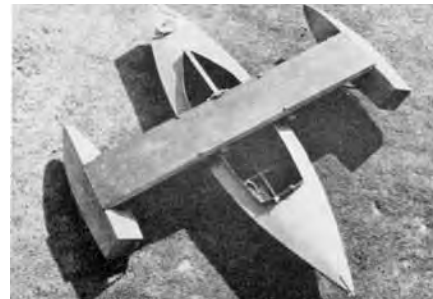
(3) My floats were much too short and fat. They should have been longer and of smaller cross section and with more buoyancy or lift forward.

(4) The open cockpit should preferably be decked in or protected with a canvas cover.

(5) More freeboard is desirable except in sheltered waters.

(6) A very small, light craft, capable of being dismantled and carried on the top of a small car is perfectly feasible.

(7) The planning and construction is just as much fun as the sailing.



Introduction

The intention was to build a “flat-out” two-man outrigger as a base for developing the A.Y.R.S. semi-elliptic square sail, as it was felt that the straddle-stability of such a craft would permit usage of this form of sail with little fear of a knock-down from being taken aback. Efficient underwater form was not to be compromised for economy or ease of construction.



Vital Statistics

Overall Length: 21'6"
Waterline Length: 20'
Waterline Beam: 1'6"
Overall Beam Sailing: 12'
With Wings Folded for Trailing 5'
Effective Aspect Ratio 5:
Draft 8"
Displacement Hull 650lb
Displacement Foil 250lb with Wing
Clear of Water
Mast Height 27'6" from Deck
Sail Area 190sf
Camber 1in 9

Construction

The hull is built on a Tee-shaped plywood backbone, forming a keelson and a “floor” 2” above the datum water line. Below the floor is filled with expanded polystyrene, and above it is a plywood skin on spruce frames. The underwater form has a very fine entry, with well vee’d sections, blending into a semicircular mid-section and a flat run aft. The hull is sheathed with glass fibre/epoxy resin to the gunwale. The centre section of the main wing is integral with the hull, with two boxed plywood/spruce beams and a rolled up leading edge. Fore and aft spacing of the beams is 2’6”, the main beam carrying the mast step and forming the forward end of the cockpit. A third box beam, 4’ above the mast, closes the cockpit, which has rolled down side decks into a foot well. Overall width of this centre section is 4’.

The “foils” and outer wings are integral structures, with plywood outer faces, framed to take mating box beams for connection to the main wing and profiled with expanded polystyrene with a glass fibre/epoxy resin sheath. The wings are fully boxed, with an upswept leading edge. Connection to the main wing is by two hinges on each side, through-bolted to the beams, and by two

Day Sailing Trimaran

By George Dibb
Tremarran, Ivybridge, Devon

connections on the underside of each wing joint. By removing two quickly detachable pins on each side the foils may be folded, aircraft style, to reduce the overall width to 5’ for trailering. With wings folded she looks something like a Praying Mantis!

Mast

The hollow spruce mast is stepped on the main beam forward of the cockpit, and is supported by triangulated spruce bipods stepped on the ends of the beam abaft the cockpit. This structure was made to fold flat for trailering by removal of three quick release pins, but in practice it has been found more convenient to transport it in the triangulated state, resting on the main wing and supporting the foils. A welded light alloy mast will be substituted for the wooden structure as soon as it is available. Erection of the mast is very easy and almost a “one-man” job: it is laid on the aft beam and two quick-release pins inserted to hold the feet of the bipods. Then it is “walked-up” into place and a third quick-release pin is slipped through the tabernacle on the main beam. It is always under full control and there is no tuning to do, no playing with wires and bottle screws! The bipods are not in the way; they give excellent hand holds and are very comfortable to lounge against while steering with the whip-staff type tiller!

Sail

My first attempt to set the square sail (**Sketch 1**) was with a boxed boom and an integral strut swinging from the fore side of the mast. A wire jackstay from the masthead to the centre of the boom was tensioned by a wire stop and bottle screw from the end of the boom strut to the foot of the mast. The sail held curved battens, 30” apart, in pockets on the sail, and the centre of each batten was attached to a slide on the wire jackstays. In practice, it proved impossible to set up the jackstay tight enough without giving a nasty whip to the masthead as the sail was passed from tack to tack and the head of the sail could twist out of line however tightly the halyard was set up. Two additional lines from the head of the sail to the ends of the boom did little to remove the twist in the sail, however tightly they were swigged up.

The second arrangement (**Sketch 2**) was with slotted boom and battens running on a jackstay swigged down hard to a deck fitting. Two lines were taken from the head of the sail, through holes in alignment through the battens and boom, down to swivel blocks on the jackstand fitting and back to the mast. The graduated slots in the boom and battens allowed the foot of the sail to be brought aft on either tack to bring the C of E back to where it belonged, but, although the two lines could be set up hard enough with the sail amidships to almost eliminate twist, after tacking it was impossible to set up the aftermost line tight enough due to the bad angle of purchase. The loading on the masthead from the jackstay plus the sail loads, also proved too much for the poor pole and I broke off the top 6’ of mast! Back again to the drawing board!

The third and, I hope, final configuration (**Sketch 3**), seems to have all the answers, but

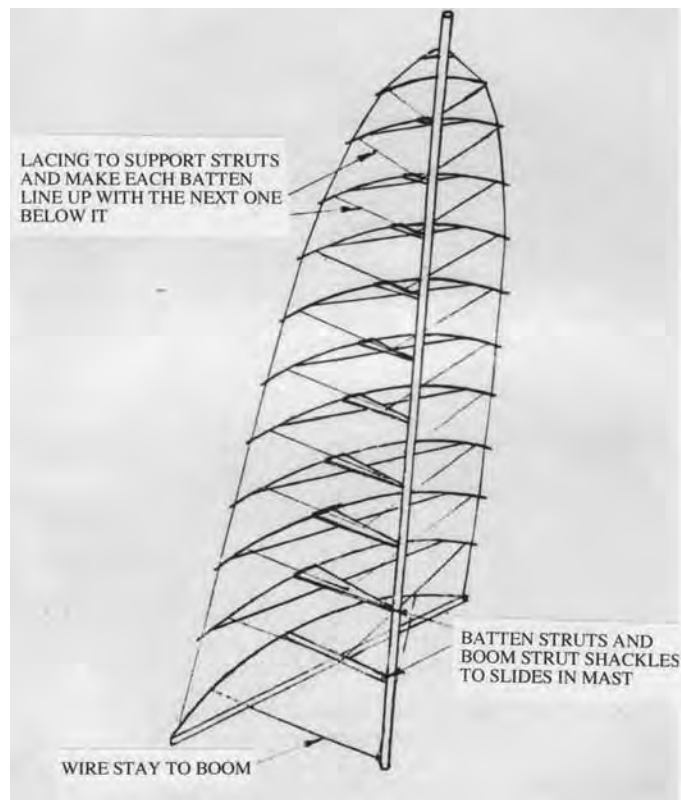
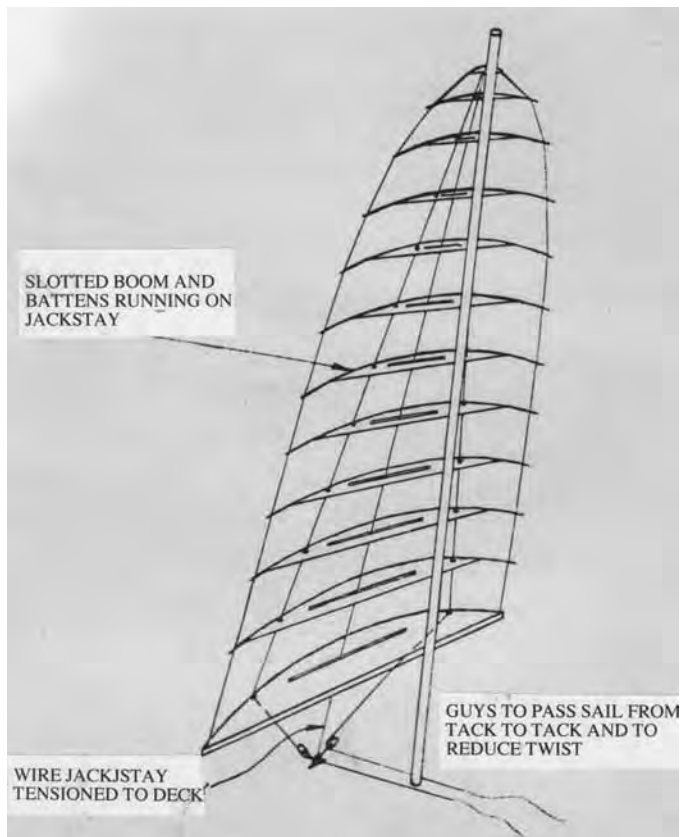
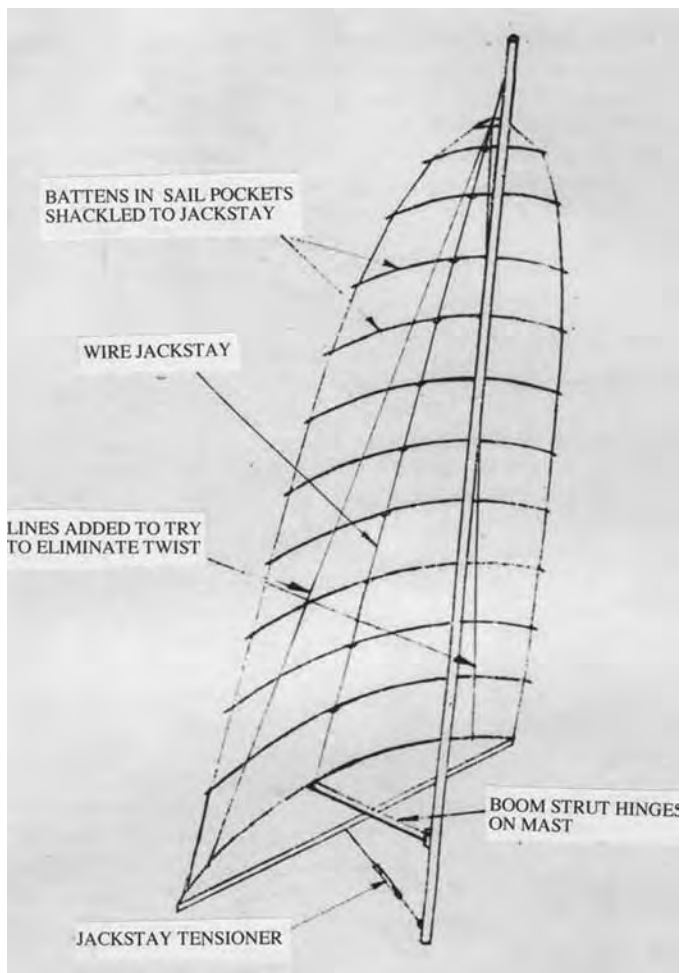
unfortunately our private blizzards have precluded any sailing trials to prove it. On the fore side of the mast is a full length mast track and each batten has a strut from the centre, reaching aft to a slide in the track: the length of the struts are graduated to make the sail take the correct line between the boom and the halyard sheave. The strut of the boom is also mounted on a slide, and the boom is shackled down to the foot of the mast by a wire span. A light terylene line, threaded diagonally, keeps each strut square to the mast track and at the same time makes each batten follow the one below it when the sail is swung from tack to tack, virtually eliminating all twist from the sail. The battens always remain laced to the sail and after removing the halyard and the boom span shackle, the slides can be run off the track and the whole lot taken away for stowage. When lowered, the boom and battens lie stacked up on the wing, and the sail is, of course, always under full control.

Conclusions

The very limited sailing trials carried out so far show considerable promise for this type of sail. I think that it will need a fair amount of practice to use it to the best advantage, particularly regarding the best angle of attack and also the most efficient camber ratio. I believe I have erred on the side of too flat a sail and intend trying battens of various curvatures. So far I have had no trouble in “flicking” the sail from tack to tack, although any delay at the crucial moment and I start a sternward at a high rate of knots! However, even from “hard astern” she quickly pays off with a reversed rudder and is away again; a quality which gladdened my heart when I once muffed it and saw a horrible concrete wall charging my rudder at about six knots!

The sail is, of course, almost fully balanced and sheet loads are extremely low. Two arrangements have been tried, an endless line from the boom ends outside everything like reins, and single lines from the boom ends through blocks on the deck amidships. Both systems work equally well, although the second is neater and a single-part sheet has proved quite adequate so far for 190sf. One point that needs watching at first is that I haul in the sheet to spill the wind and pay out to increase the angle of attack, which goes against one’s normal reactions, but it is not difficult to remember, and the boat is so stable that a little mental aberration doesn’t matter very much!

With the boat itself I am well satisfied: she is light for beach work and compact for trailering. The crew of two can easily do everything by themselves, and from stopping the car to sailing away can be done in under 10 minutes. She is beautifully stable, it is nice to be able to walk about “big ship” style and yet has a nice soft sort of motion. She is very light and responsive to the rudder but holds her course steadily, and the hydrodynamic foils seem to be quite efficient, holding her up to her course with virtually no lee-way without a centreboard. In very light airs she whispers along beautifully and I believe she will prove to be very fast when the wind really blows. I am now preparing a full set of working drawings, revised in accordance with my experience with the prototype, to include both the square sail and conventional sloop rig as alternatives, and I hope that both versions will be built to get a direct comparison between them.



Join the Amateur Yacht Research Society

office@ayrs.org
<http://www.ayrs.org>

Does this sort of original creative thinking about small boat design grab you? If so join us today (2018).

What You Get

The Society publishes a magazine, *Catalyst the Journal of Yacht Research*, once or twice a year plus single subject (*very* cutting-edge) booklets as the material arises.

Subjects range from natural aerodynamics (birds' wings and vortex generation/reduction), to self steering, from hydrofoils to new designs and ideas. Subjects generally run about 3:1 ratio of high tech to cruising subjects.

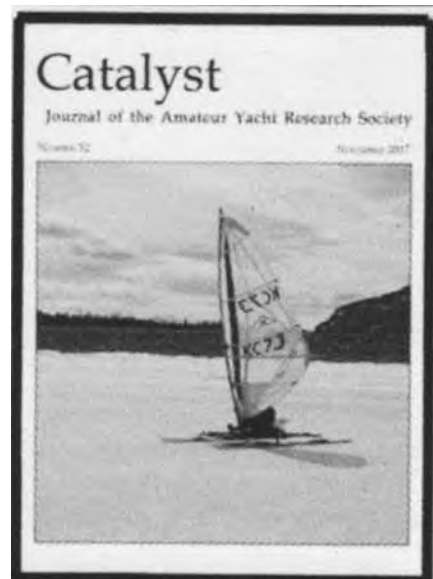
You can find a full list of our magazines (since 2000) and booklet publications on our Booklets List. Alternatively you can look up specific subjects in the AYRS Publications Index (still under construction).

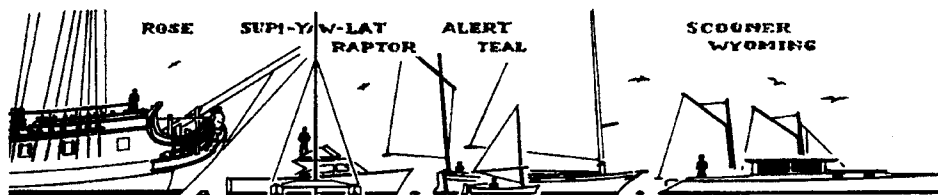
We hold 4-6 meetings each year in the UK, and occasional meetings in the Northeast* and West Coast United States (when someone volunteers to organize them).

We also have a discussion forum which is mostly open to all to read, but there are some areas that are accessible only to paid-up members.

*Editor's Note:

I know of no such meetings in recent years.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

Now here is a fine reference for the boat season to come for 2018, a pleasant distraction from still dealing with snow and frosty windshields. Of course, for some readers in balmy climes, their season never ends. For other folks sailboats are more interesting. Those with keen memories will think immediately that this looks almost exactly like pages 28-29 of the Jan. 15, 2004 *MAIB* column and they would be correct. People like that can indeed be spot-on, and irritating if they rub it in.

Four points why I revisit the article and that design for the 1958 etc. Egg Harbor 31:

1. Brad J. of only about 90 minutes from here was wondering whether plans for her would still be available, which they are, as long as Phil's remark is remembered that the actual itemized "Building Key" has been missing for a long time, hopefully still to re-emerge somewhere in the otherwise well ordered Archive of Plans and Building Keys of his work since at least 1952.

2. Looking at the *MAIB* piece of 2004, I was reminded of several glitches that best be corrected now, such as the odd mismatch of line art from two quite different designs.

3. Brad's inquiry triggered the archival confirmation that Phil designed her just over 60 years ago.

4. And Brad was interested in plans because one of the some 110 copies of the Egg Harbor 31 built in wood that long ago, starting in the late 1950s, is still in his universe, apparently quite alive and to be readied for the 2018 season!

To share her good looks he sent this image of her on the mooring in her tidal river, with black bottom-paint, off-white topsides, varnished mahogany cabin trunk and wheelhouse sides, and apparently all the hardware bits and pieces where they belong. He remains astonished that that trunk cabin side piece is all out of one single length of some of nature's best looking boatbuilding material. And he was curious about some of the construction details on the plans as he repairs this and that.

Looking at her lines and layout, for instance we indeed get why she's called a 'Double-Wedge' geometry, as Phil discusses her below. You'll also notice the rather acute

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #521 in *MAIB*
 Egg Harbor 31
 31'0"x11'0"x2'6"x2x125hp
 Gasoline Inboard Engines x 21knots
 Displacement 9,000lbs

and yet then common propeller shaft angle to allow keeping the lighter gasoline engines' weight as far aft as possible without more complex gearboxes and prop shafting.

And then there is this pushrod from the mechanical steering gearbox running from just ahead of the starboard engine at some remarkable diagonal length to first push at the port rudder shaft before the draglink back to starboard rudder shaft synchronizes everything; not much yacht size hydraulic steering apparently available over 55 years ago. Phil would laconically remark in general, that in such cases, boatbuilders often end up with better ideas anyway, as they see the emerging structure in 3-D on the shop-floor to often find better geometries.

Finally, as Phil notes, those super 'advanced' rudders better be replaced before even building them, perhaps even going with a square (as high as long) well-shaped, but also bottom sweeping and end plated, to effectively address the potential challenges in certain steep short following seas possible with the soft riding 'Double Wedge' hull-geometry once and for all; drag considerations would be lowest on the list of priorities in the medium speed hull.

We had once observed a popular production twin-screw type of about her size having lost one engine trying to make it through our local Blinman Canal constricted cut draw-bridge tidal current with just one 'least-drag' rudder blown and against a solid stream. He finally made it on his fourth attempt, testing the bridge tender's patience. Even then she was close to grinding her polished topsides against granite and steel trying to go straight with the 'low-drag' rudders not much good without the positive control of the second prop, a case of least wetted surface rudders

as decent high speed directional trimming devices, with slow speed maneuvering only really reliable with differential thrust, which assumes both engines are running.

As you study her lines, let's also file away Phil's anecdote of someone's 'upgrades' to one of these proven hulls that turned the design into an expensive and now dubious proposition. When two 150hp gasoline engines were good enough, let's not pile heavy 300hp Diesels into her and then get really wild-eyed with the lengthy must-improve list to add weight and top hamper to have Phil find her so low in the water to see her freeing ports serve to let slight swells run in and out of her cockpit while she's still tied up at the marina float.

Here is Phil's original text with Brad's photo and now the correct profile and plan-view line-art shown:

"The design number indicates that it was done in May, 1957. By our present numbering system it would be somewhere in the 90s. Many young designers don't like to have low numbers on their designs, thinking, and rightly, that it gives away inexperience. Even Philip Rhodes got his lifetime numbering fouled up from this phenomenon. As for me, one day I counted up and made it 116 (as I remember it) and decided to number consecutively from there...

Egg Harbor Boat Company had built a series of sea skiffs that got progressively blunter in the bow as they tried for roomier accommodations. Eventually they did a series of 30 footers that were so full that they did not run or handle as well as the builder would like. It happened that their foreman carpenter, Ted Sharp, had built an outboard utility to my design for his own use. It was the original ancestor of the Shivaree (Design #518), our own present utility. It wasn't as good as its descendants, but they liked it well enough to have me design this 31 footer for their next model.

I went to the other extreme, with an exaggerated fineness forward, practically what they called a double wedge model in the 1900s. The widest waterline beam was four fifths of the way to the stern, and the greatest depth of hull close to the bow. The wedge shape also



shows up in the forebody sections and these boats were extremely smooth running in a head sea and made 24mph with twin 125hp gasoline sixes; 18mph with a single one.

Double wedge boats had a bad name for uncontrollable yawing in following seas, but the reason was that many designers liked a strong concavity in their bow flare. This meant that their bows dove deeper before the flare picked them up, and also that they tended to be bulbous below the waterline.

These 31 footers behaved very well in the various, and notorious, New Jersey inlets. Phil Boyd, the company manager, and I tried out the prototype's inlet running behavior in moderate conditions, and I learned a sharp lesson: They had asked me to design some advanced spade rudders for the boat. To me, at the time, "advanced" meant high aspect ratio, and I drew up the rudders shown on these drawings. They were nicely cast, with some NACA section, and we were pleased with the light steering they produced.

But as we came in across the bar a sea built up under the stern and a gentle yaw developed. Phil put the wheel over with a sharp jerk to correct, and suddenly we had no steering effect at all; we thought both rudders had broken off. The yaw stabilized in a curved course, Phil pulled the throttles, and suddenly we had steering again. What had happened, of course, was that the thin bladed rudders had stalled, and they did not

have the brute area to steer the boat in that condition. Those rudders were promptly melted down, in favor of a more conventional shape. But the behavior of the boat had been reassuring.

Egg Harbor built upwards of a hundred of these boats, and owners liked them a lot for their good behavior in rough water. But their dealers did not like them because they thought, probably correctly, that they were losing sales because the narrow bow spoiled the forward berths and reduced their ability to carry bridges and towers, and that there were more people who valued roomy cabins and towers, than there were admirers of smooth head sea action. They were superseded by the more conservative 37 footer designed by Dave Martin. There are still some of both types around as they were very well built in the first place, and often inspired affection that led to good maintenance.

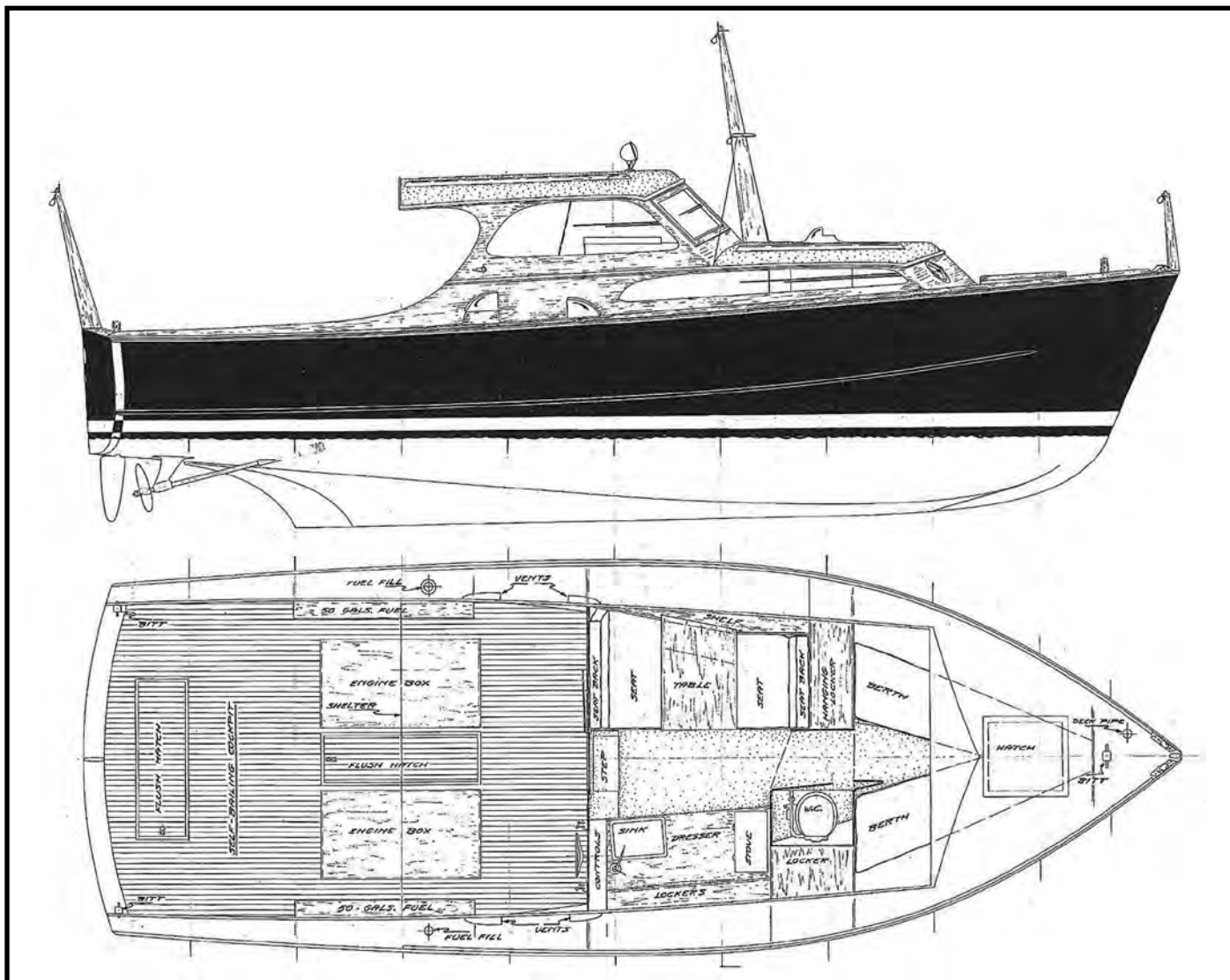
Small epilogue: Eddy Perkins, who runs the main marina in Essex, Massachusetts, came over and asked me to design him a boat that would be an exact copy of one that he admired, which turned out to be this one. So there was one more built, by Story in Essex, which gave good satisfaction until he sold her, and she eventually came into the hands of a man who erected a tower on her, and mounted a long and heavy tuna stand out over her bow, and complained bitterly that she handled badly. That attitude is so com-

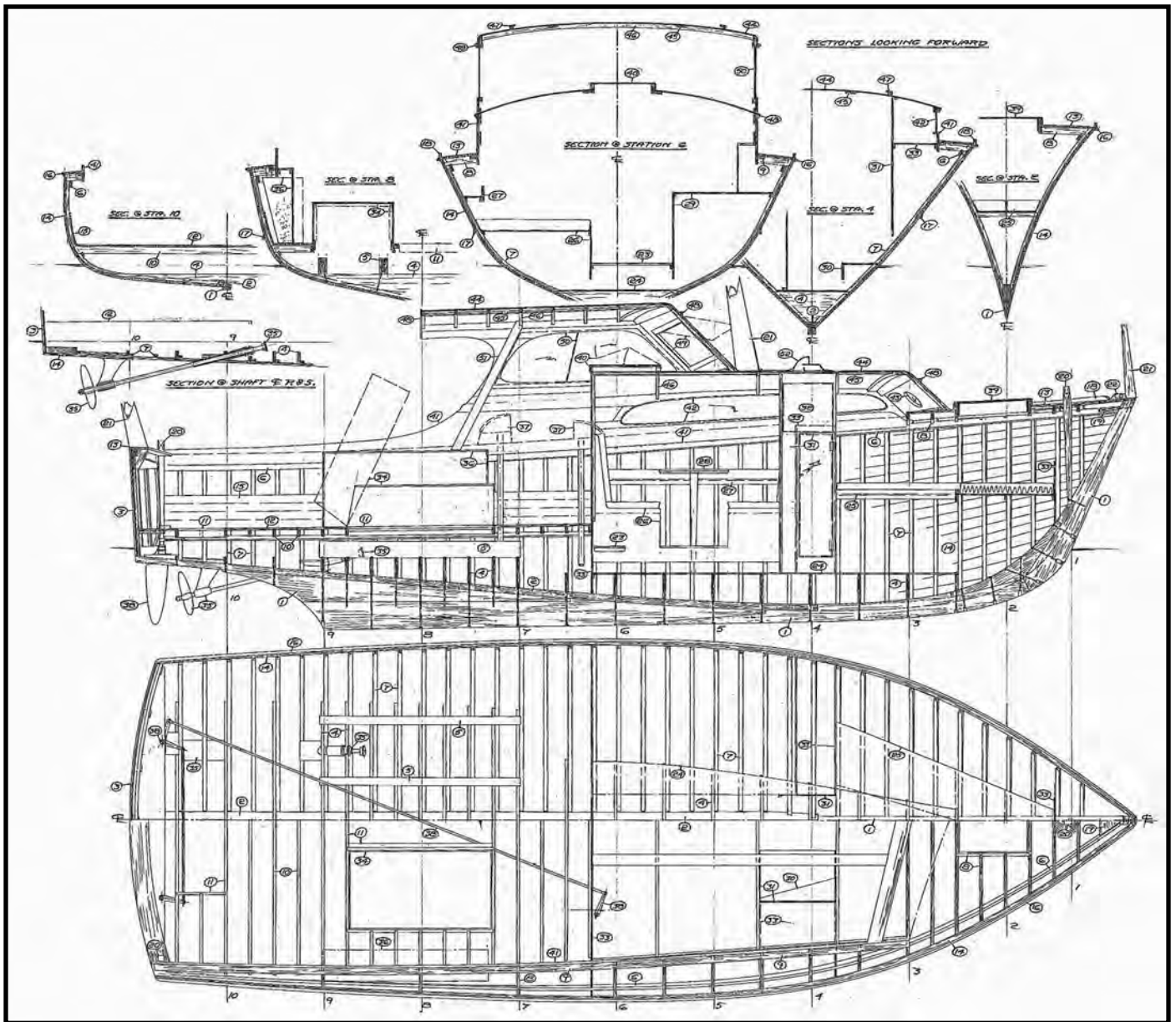
mon that I gave up on this model and evolved one that is not quite such a good head sea eater, but is roomier and carries a load, especially a tall load, better. The later model can also be driven faster because the claimed 24mph is close to the point where the deep forefoot of the double wedge is forced up out of the water and the boat does start to have control problems. But once in a while I see one of these boats now forty odd years old, and the clean way she goes through the water gives me a lift of spirits.

Plans of the Egg Harbor 31 are not available for the present as the keyed specification has gone missing and we are too pressed with work to take time off to reconstruct it. Also something has to be done about those rudders! They were replaced with a then standard Columbian pattern."

To repeat, I'll offer plans for sale, assuming it is understood that the Building-Key remains misplaced. Many folks eager to build her would likely read in the plans what the Key would explicitly state anyway or they'd do their own detail solutions, where the Key would be even more explanatory than the plans are.

Next issue back to new concepts, perhaps the beginning of an extended run of delightful cruising types likely doable and affordable for quite a few of you readers. Power and eventually sail. At least, I am enjoying myself already.







Show & Tell

Rich Sparks: My Serving Machine "Serving a line is the task of simply wrapping one line around another. The purpose is to prevent the larger line from chaffing and wearing. Due to continual movement of a ship, chaffing is common, particularly on the shrouds. But, serving is found in many other places on a ship. In order to model the serving, a small line (thread) is wrapped around a larger one. This is usually done by setting up two vertical posts and tying the ends to them. Then, the smaller line is wrapped by hand around and around the larger one. Since several wraps are required, this can be a tedious and time consuming. And, if you accidentally drop an end of the smaller line, you must start over since it will uncoil.

So, I decided to build a serving machine, and searched the web for ideas.

I wanted to be able to serve any length of larger line with any length of serving. I also wanted to wrap quickly, but not so fast as to "outrun" myself as I fed the small line. I opted for a 200rpm dc motor and geared it down to about 155rpm. I found this is just about right. My original gears were plastic, but they kept binding, so I decided to make my own wooden gears to fit my frame. In order to allow me to steady my hands, I reversed the position of the transverse drive axle with the larger line axles putting the line to be served lower in the frame. Finally, I needed to turn the server on and

off as well as reverse the direction. Besides the power switch I added a "momentary" on/off button allowing me to "bump" the line as needed. A direction switch allows me to feed the small line any direction I want. I can serve from left to right or vice versa, and over or under keeping the lay of the smaller line opposite that of the larger line.

Is there anything that I would change? As an electrical engineer for 30 years but here doing mechanical design, I would use steel bearings and gears and eliminate the threaded stock. In this design, a lot of energy is lost transferring through so many gears. Too many gears... pulleys might work better. I guess I got caught up in a design that I saw on the web and went for it as the basis. Last, a foot pedal would be helpful.

What do I like most about my server? It saves a lot of time and frustration in serving line. I can serve a substantial length of line and make the servings as long as I want. I served 4 baggy-wrinkles on one line of the Bluenose II I am working on. It calls for 5 different lines with 4 baggy wrinkles on each line, so I served 20 locations in one setup, then simply cut between each set of baggy-wrinkles.

I like that this server is all mine, something I designed and built, and saves me a lot of time, energy, frustration, and will consistently serve many lines for my models to come."

Rich designed his own rope-walk but would make improvements if he were to make another.



Several times a year one reads about a solo sailor missing from his vessel. Wide area searches around the vessel seldom result in a rescue (or even finding the body). The small boat solo sailor cruising around the harbor or on along the coast type ventures sometimes trails a line over the stern that he can grab if he falls overboard. The line is connected to the mainsheet release and, when pulled, releases the sail, which slows, stops or brings the boat head into the wind. The sailor then has a chance to get back onboard the vessel. With all the electronic safety devices available today, one would think that such a device could be devised for a sailor in the water to push a button and have the autopilot bring the bow of the boat into the wind. The sailor might then have a chance to get back onboard the vessel.

On New Year's Day my wife and I went for our daily walk around the block (about .6 mile) here in Tallahassee bundled up with thermal underclothes, fleece sweaters, gloves, warm hats and our foul weather jackets. The jackets (and trouser/bib options) were purchased many years ago for use on the water when racing our sailboats. Once purchased they were seldom needed for that use, but were great when we served as race committee for the December through March races on Appalachee Bay (one sailboat race each month) and they make great cold weather coats off the water.

On this day we came across a neighbor who had cut the turn too tight getting out of the driveway with a trailer attached to the car. After looking at the alternatives (the brick mailbox was in the way at this point), we helped him unhook the trailer and reset the vehicle to pull the trailer from a different direction. Once the car was reset, we hooked the trailer back up and he was able to continue with his trip. His jackstand was



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

bent and he did not have a dolly wheel so the heavily loaded trailer was moved manually the inch or so to get the tongue on the ball.

All my boat trailers had dolly wheels either connected to the jackstands or to attachments to be added when needed. The dolly wheel attachment was great when we wanted to swing the tongue "just a bit" to center over the ball on the tow hitch. My favorite arrangement was a jackstand that allowed a flat plate or a dolly wheel to be inserted inside at the bottom so either could be used as needed (a pin held the inserted piece in place). Both were stored in the hearse (our tow vehicle) to be used as needed (a block of wood under the jackstand was sufficient (when there was no boat on the trailer). Oh yes, have you checked your trailer's jackstand lately? Does everything turn as it should? A little lubrication might be in order.

At one time we owned and raced a Fireball. The boat was launched off a tilt trailer with rollers on the back of the trailer and an extended tongue to place the boat in a balanced position for towing. The trailer tilted by pulling a pin that held the trailer down on the tongue for towing (with a bolt pivot point arrangement to make sure things stayed together when the trailer was in the tilted position). The Fireball was light enough that a person on each side could, with the help of the stern trailer rollers, hoist

it onto the trailer. However, on some days it was just my wife and I to do the lifting so I had a winch attached to the mast holder at the front of the trailer to pull the boat onto the trailer.

When we gave up Fireball racing we ended up with the extended tongue trailer as the new owner had a suitable trailer of his own. By pulling the pivot bolt I could attach a shorter tongue to the trailer and use it for other purposes. The ability to have a short or long tongue for the trailer was often very useful depending on the need of the moment. When not in use the tongue could be removed, thus reducing the storage space for the trailer. At the moment the two tongues are in the garage and the trailer is out back and out of the way.

A young duck hunter almost died from hypothermia after falling into cold lake water. Those with him pulled him back into the boat and headed for the nearest shore to start a fire and keep him warm until help (a faster boat) arrived to take him to a landing where an ambulance was headed. Once they had pulled their friend back into the boat and headed for dry land, one of the parents was called on a cell phone and the rest of the successful rescue operation was well underway. I went looking on the web to see how many hunters drown from falling out of boats (or boats overturning) only to find the statistics buried among all the other drowning numbers.

What I did find of interest, in terms of words used in a 2016 report on the subject, was this: "From 2005-2014 there were an average of 3,536 fatal unintentional drownings (non boating related) annually in the United States, about ten deaths per day. An additional 332 people died each year from drowning in boating related incidents..." I wonder from the above wording if boating related drownings are considered intentional?

Boating Safety Courses

Many boating safety courses are offered throughout the country, for all types of recreational boaters and for boaters of all ages. Qualified volunteer organizations such as the US Coast Guard Auxiliary, US Power Squadron and others sponsor many courses and many state boating agencies also provide classes. Courses cover many aspects of boating safety from boat handling to reading the weather and from a "Water 'N Kids" class to courses for boaters who want to learn electronic navigation skills. The most popular basic courses generally have from six to 13 lessons to provide a foundation of operational and safety instruction.

American Boat Operators' Course offers online boating safety courses with online certification tests for a number of states.

Boat/US Foundation Course is a searchable database of current boating safety courses around the nation.

BoatEd offers online boating safety courses with online certification tests for a number of states.

BoaterExam.com offers online boating safety courses with online certification tests for a number of states.

Boatsafe offers an online Basic Boating Certification Course approved by the National Association of State Boating Law Administrators, and a Coastal Navigation Course.

Commander Bob is an award winning website that advances boating education.

PWC Safety School offers online courses and certification for PWC operators in several states.

Safe Boating America classes meet the State Educational Requirements for operating a Boat or PWC and also meet the requirements for a Youth Operator.

State Courses: Many states offer boating safety courses. The National Association of State Boating Law Administrators' online Directory provides contact information for state boating agencies.

US Coast Guard Auxiliary local flotillas offer a variety of safety classes, including basic/introductory boating courses and safety courses, navigation, sailing and personal watercraft safety, among others.

US Sailing programs offer instruction in small and large sailboats, windsurfers and powerboats. All levels of instruction are available around the country for beginner to advanced skills. Information on courses and instruction is available on the web.

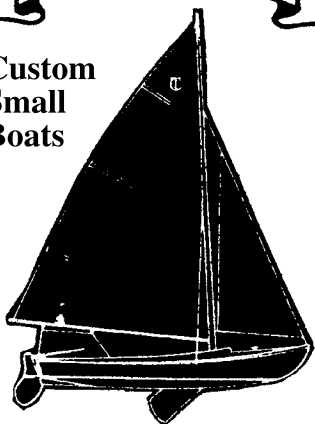
United States Power Squadron "America's Boating Course 3rd Edition" the most comprehensive boating safety course available. It includes a course book, a narrated student CD and a digital charting DVD. ABC 3 is available as a classroom, home study or online course.

American Canoe Association comprehensive resource to find skills courses, assessments and instructor certification courses for kayak, canoe, raft, safety and rescue and adaptive paddling.



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

**Custom Wooden Boat
Building & Restoration**



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance

All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with
teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

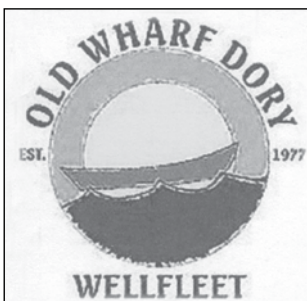
Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard.com

Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

Quality Restoration and Repair

Total Refit: 1898 Crosby Catboat.



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012

36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

www.haddenboat.com

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548

(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or e mail

Arch Davis at 207 930 9873

archdavis@myfairpoint.net

37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915

www.archdavisdesigns.com

*Penobscot 13, sailing
and rowing skiff,
little sister to the
well known
Penobscot 14.
Glued lapstrake
construction.
12'9"x4'3".
120 pounds.
Rowing version
\$4,450.00.
Sailing rigs available.*

607-286-7099
SHOP
TOM KRIEG'S
BOAT SHOP
607-643-8492
CELL
PO BOX 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats
Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehanen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
\$6 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com

Plans & Kits

SK
READERS
CHOICE
Sea Kayaker
MAGAZINE
2011
WOODEN KAYAK

PYGMY
BOATS INC

**VOTED BEST
WOODEN KAYAK
2 NEW KAYAKS!**



Call for a **FREE** Catalog: 360-385-6143 | www.pygmyboats.com

SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.

SHELL BOATS
561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats.com

SIMMONS
SEA-SKIFF
BOAT BUILDING PLANS

CLASSICS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST

- ★ 18-, 20-, & 22-foot plans available
- ★ Outstandingly light, seaworthy vessels
- ★ Plans with detailed instructions, no lofting

ORDER ONLINE
www.capefearmuseum.com/simmons



cape fear museum
814 Market St.
Wilmington
North Carolina
910.798.4364

Gentry Custom Boats
Plans and Kits



Unique, Ultralight, Inexpensive
and Easy to Build Sailboats,
Rowboats, Kayaks, Canoes
and more.

GentryCustomBoats.com

Robb White & Sons
Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robbwhite.com.



Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799


WESTON FARMER
BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
1024 Merrill St, Lebanon, IL 62254

**SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS**

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS

SKIPJACK COASTER



DRAKETAIL

MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL
 Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
 Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
 Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
 Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
 Dept. M, PO Box 2863
 Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

**CONRAD NATZIO
BOATBUILDER**



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
<http://conradnatzio.firetrench.com>

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

**15 Lanyard Pl
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491
c.natzio@btinternet.com**



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!




Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
 Nick Schade
 Guillemot Kayaks
 54 South Rd.
 Groton, CT 06340-4624
 ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY



**Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books
Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dorries • Model Building**

Visit our website @ www.instantboats.com
 Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

H.H. Payson & Company
 PO Box 122
 Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.
Just Do It!**

Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder **207-594-7587**

BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
 8471 SW CR 347
 Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com



21st century cruising sailing canoes for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling



UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Supplies

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

Quality Brand Name Products

Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for
immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.

800-333-0314



Sail for a Canoe

Excellent quality and design

National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
http://canusail.org

Free rig plans

Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* \$ 6
E-mail: canusailor@yahoo.com

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



Traditional Small-Craft Sails

www.dabblersails.com

dabblersails@gmail.com

Ph/fax 804-580-8723

PO Box 235

Wicomico Church, VA 22579

Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



Small Craft Sails by Sew Tec

Any Sail, Traditional to High Tech,
to 100 sq. ft.

Re-cuts, Repairs & Custom Canvas Work

In business since 1990 - sewtec.us

sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of
your boat, suitable for
framing, and 50
notecards with the
drawing. Makes a
great gift! - \$150

Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419



See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

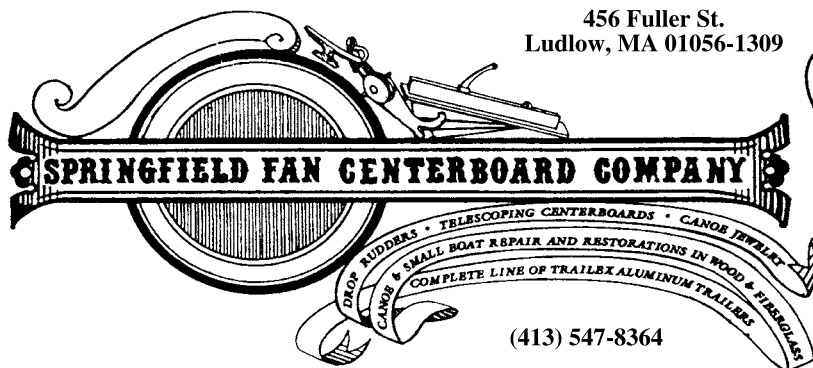
We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571

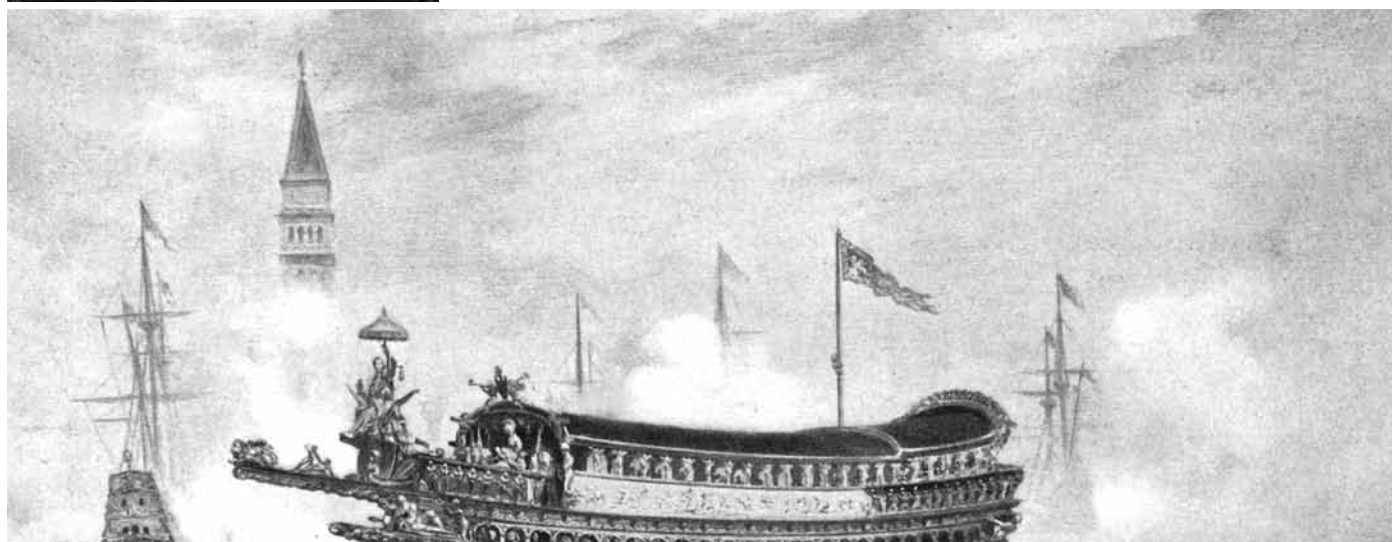
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070

www.raka.com



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364



CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE

Herreshoff Pram, 10'2" classic lapstrake tender, demonstration boat in Simon Watts' class, ready for final paint. \$1,900. **Sailor Girl**, 11'9" rowboat ready for paint. See *WoodenBoat*, May 2007, p.59. \$550. **Micro** by Phil Bolger, 15'6" liveaboard, hull only, plywood glassed, with 400lb lead keel incl. \$650. **Rushton Wee Lassie**, 11'6 solo canoe lapstrake ply, Tom Hill system, planked only, including strongback. \$150. Prices negotiable. JOHN WILSON, Charlotte, MI, (517) 543-5325, john@shakerovalbox.com (4)

Beneteau First 235/RA, has been generously donated to the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild. Now she needs a loving home. Built in '87, she is nicely equipped with a winged keel, '89 Load-Rite tandem trlr & practically new sails. Electronics, marine head, roller furling, cushions & many extras incl. She is a fun & fast craft. Ask around. Check her out in Chesapeake City. For boat info: www.beneteau235.com. Make an offer. Then be ready for a fun filled sailing season! Your purchase supports the maintenance and preservation of *Elf*. Built in 1888, *Elf* is America's oldest active small racing yacht. CYRG is a 501 c (3) organization. STEVE REMILLARD, CYRG Treasurer, (410) 885-3533, steverem@yahoo.com. (4)

Whitehall Tender, 10'loa, 4'2" beam, hourglass stern. FG. Oars & oarlocks. Rows like a dream or will take a trolling engine or a light hp engine. Asking \$975 or BOA. RON HARRISON, Salem, MA, (978) 744-2578, subman2@earthlink.net, Boat for Sale on Subject line. (3)

South Coast 23 Sailboat, masthead sloop, long keel hull, Carl Alberg design. On 4-axle trlr, o/b power. \$500. JULIUS BUTKUS, Chicago, IL, (733) 899-1067, juliusrutenis8@gmail.com (3)

Rowing Fleet & Gear, Ibex Racing Shell, \$300. Pocock Gig, \$250. Innes Gig, newly renovated, fg over cedar, \$250. Innes Racing Shell, \$200. 1 pr CF Hatchet Blades, \$100. 3 pr Wooden Sculls, \$50/pr. Located Pelham, NY (NYC Area). GENE LOVELESS, Tuckahoe, NY, (914) 793-1274. (3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



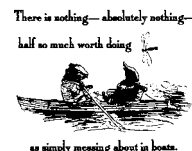
Sail/Row Skiff, this caught my eye & I bought it for \$500 just to investigate. Should be a very pleasant boat to row & sail. I found that it wasn't well set up for either activity. It needs gunwale pads to raise the oarlocks 1.5". It needs a plug for the c/b trunk to keep the rower dry. It needed a bridle w/a sliding ring to lead the sheet aft & then to hand, which I provided. It needs decent oars (it had none; I have provided clumsy ones.) Finally I'd want a trailer for it. The one in photo has another job. I painted the topsides which were pink and green. I think I deserve a reward for discovery & resurrection of a charming classic, amateurishly well-built. \$775. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624 6398. (3)

BOATS WANTED

Hirondelle Sailing Catamaran MK1 or MK2, w/ trlr, both in gd cond. Will pay more for a pristine boat & trailer ready to use. TOM WESSON, (662) 401-9588 (ask for TW), twhasfun@nexusband.com (3)

GEAR FOR SALE

MARINE EPOXY 1:1 MIX, easy to use, no blush, no sanding, low viscosity, flexible. Silicon bronze fasteners, fiberglass, flotation foam. Website: www.clarkcraft.com. Free How To Catalog. CLARK CRAFT, (716) 873-2640, e-mail: clarkcraft@localnet.com (5)



Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

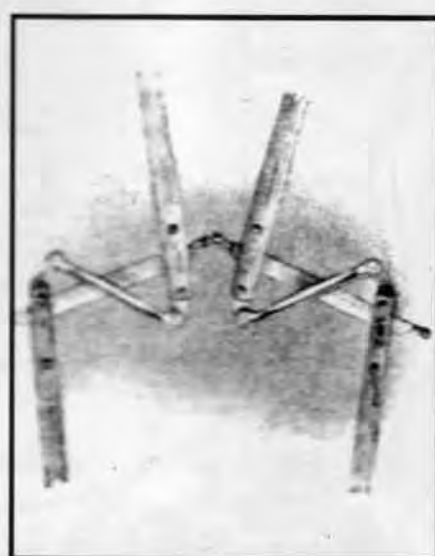
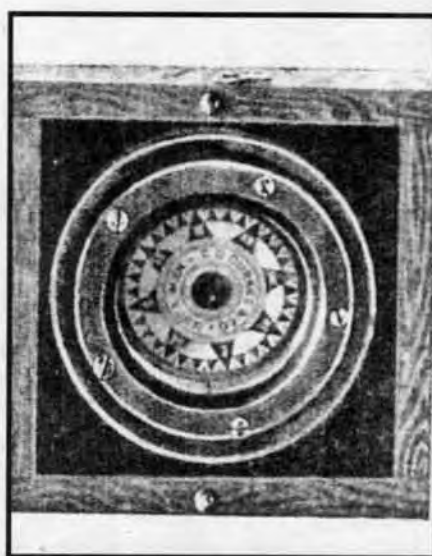
Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form. THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT KITS PLANS PATTERNS. 200+ designs on our website @ www.clarkcraft.com. Free How To Booklet. CLARK CRAFT, (716) 8732640, e-mail: clarkcraft@localnet.com. (5)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted: Boat Building in Your Own Backyard, 1st Edition 1946 only by S.S. Rabl. If this isn't possible a photocopy of the 17' Buzz Bomb O/B Motor Cruiser design plans in that edition. RICHARD RAMSEY, 3007 Prairie Grove Dr., Ft. Wayne, IN 46809, (260) 445-9937, rwr Ramsey8@gmail.com (3)



Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Emergencies Afloat!



messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

318

**PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID**

PERMIT



6821 RT 7, N Ferrisburgh, VT 05473
(802) 425-3926 guideboat@together.net

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

This photo was taken in Sitka Sound. Jake Lemmon decided to treat himself to a new Vermont Fishing Dory, and the adventure of a lifetime. Happily, this 50,000 pound whale decided that it would not be the last adventure of Jake's lifetime. They are known to blow every 50 yards. In this case it blew at 50 yards, 50 yards, 50 yards and 100 yards. Jake, we assume, did not do any breathing during that last 100 yard interval.

